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THE

# WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

*IN NINE VOLUMES.*

WITH

THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS,

REVISED

BY ISAAC REED.

THIRD BOSTON,

FROM THE FIFTH LONDON EDITION.

VOL. IX.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble Fabricks of other Poets, passes without Injury by the Adamant of Shakspeare. *Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

BOSTON:

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# VOLUME IX.

OF

# SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

Containing

PERICLES.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND NOTES.

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

*COPIED FROM THE TEXT OF DR. REED.*

WITH NOTES, BY JOHNSON, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

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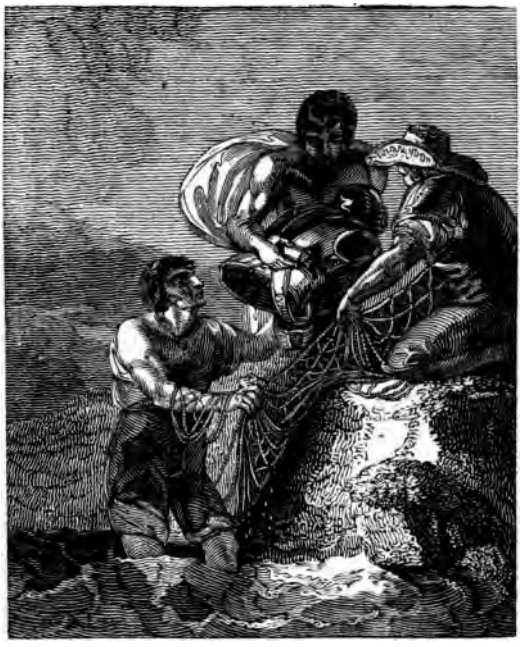
# PERICLES,

## PRINCE OF TYRE.



*ACT II. Scene I.*

*Pericles.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

# OBSERVATIONS.

THE story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago.

*Pericles* was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play* of PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance. MALONE.

This play is so uncommonly corrupted by the printers, &c. that it does not so much seem to want illustration as emendation: and the errata are so numerous and gross, that one is tempted to suspect almost every line where there is the least deviation in the language from what is either usual or proper. Many of the corruptions appear to have arisen from an illiterate transcriber having written the speeches by ear from an inaccurate reciter; who between them both have rendered the text (in the verbs particularly) very ungrammatical.

More of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas of

Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles*, than in any of the other six doubted plays. PERCY.

To a former edition of this play were subjoined two dissertations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged such arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earliest compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of some elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whose hand was acknowledged to be visible in many scenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypothesis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's works. It was printed with his name in the title-page, in his life-time; but this circumstance proves nothing; because by the knavery of booksellers other pieces were also ascribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was ascribed to him by several dramatic writers. I wish not to rely on any circumstance of that kind; because in all questions of this nature, internal evidence is the best that can be produced, and to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, must in the present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three last acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece

having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works which it has now obtained.

MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*
HELICANES, } *two lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*[1]
CLEON, *governor of Tharsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mitylene.*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.* *Marshall.*
*A Pandar, and his Wife.*
BOULT, *their servant.*
GOWER, *as Chorus.*

*The Daughter of Antiochus.*
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
DIANA.

*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.*

*SCENE, dispersedly in various countries.*

---

[1] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. STEEVENS.

# PERICLES.

## ACT I.

*Enter* GOWER. *Before the Palace of Antioch.*

TO sing a song of old was sung,[1]
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales;[2]
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
'Purpose to make men glorious;
*Et quo antiquius, eo melius.*
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:)
This king unto him took a pheere,[3]
Who died and left a female heir,

[1] I do not know that *old* is by any author used adverbially. We might read:

*To sing a song* of *old was sung*,——

i. e. *that* of old &c.

But the poet is so licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change. MALONE.

[2] i. e. says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. MALONE.

[3] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have—*peer*. MALONE.

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,[4]
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom, what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.[5]
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

*Antioch. A Room in the Palace. Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Music.*
*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

---

[4] Completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete*, a *large one*. MALONE.

[5] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch. MALONE.

*Enter the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

*Per.* See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men![6]
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.[7]
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,——

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.[8]
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare

---

[6] She comes (says Pericles) adorned with all the colours of the spring; the Graces are proud to enroll themselves among her subjects; and the *king*, (i. e. the *chief*) of every virtue that ennobles humanity, impregnates her mind:

*Graces her subjects*, in *her thonghts the king*
*Of every virtue*, &c.

In short she has no superior in beauty, yet still she is herself under the dominion of virtue. STEEVENS.

[7] This is a bold expression:——*testy wrath* could not well be a mild companion to any one; but by *her mild companion*, Shakspeare means the *companion of her mildness*. M. MASON.

[8] *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine *eye*. The word *bulk* like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. MALONE.

This body, like to them, to what I must :[9]
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then ; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do ;
My riches to the earth from whence they came ;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

*Ant.* Read the conclusion then ;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous !
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed*
*On mother's flesh, which did me breed :*
*I sought a husband, in which labour,*
*I found that kindness in a father.*
*He's father, son, and husband mild,*
*I mother, wife, and yet his child.*
*How they may be, and yet in two,*
*As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last : but O you powers !
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
—Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,

[9] That is,—to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come.* MALONE.

That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,[1]
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;—
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;

[1] That is, *which* blows dust, &c. The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before; so by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind (though they are affected, and turn away with horror, are opened, and see clearly what before was not even suspected: but by exposing the crimes of others the relater suffers himself; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes; and to prevent informers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind. Such, I think, is the meaning of this obscure passage. MALONE.

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
Forty days longer we do respite you ;
If, by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :
And, until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exe.* ANTIOCHUS, *his Daughter, and Attendants.*

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin !
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you're both a father and a son,[2]
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.[3]
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin.
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner :
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.

[2] *Where* in this place has the power of *whereas.* STEEVENS.

[3] The expression is here, as in many other places in this play, eliptical; *for wisdom sees,* that *those* who *do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course in order to preserve them from being made public.* MALONE.

Who attends on us there?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?

*Ant.* Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secresy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

*Thal.* My lord,
'Tis done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mes.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit Mes.*

*Ant.* As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Tyre. A Room in the Palace. Enter* PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,

That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him :
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known,
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
Our men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence ;
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable !

*Hel.* Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing ;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

*Hel* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
*Per.* Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.
*Hel.* [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
*Per.* Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?
*Hel.* With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.
*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

*Hel.* Alas, sir!
*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.
*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—
*Hel.* We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs, we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.[4]
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace. Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that be-

[4] This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff: "I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince." MALONE.

ing bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.[5] Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.— Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter* HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
*Thal.* How! the king gone! [*Aside.*
*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were, unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——
*Thal.* What from Antioch? [*Aside.*
*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
*Thal.* Well, I perceive [*Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;[6]
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
*Thal.* From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:

---

[5] Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare*, 1604, p. 27: "I will therefore commende the poet *Philipides*, who being demaunded by King *Lisimachus*, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the King, that your majestie would never impart unto me *any of your secrets*." STEEVENS.

[6] So, *Autolycus*, in *The Winter's Tale*: "If I had a mind to be honest, see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops bounties into my mouth." MALONE

Yet; ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House. Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, *and Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?
*Dio.* That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs ;
Here they're but felt, and seen with with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
*Cle.* O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.
*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets ;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,[7]
Like one another's glass to trim them by :
Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight ;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.
*Cle.* But see what heaven can do ! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,

---

[7] To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly. So, in *Twelfth Night:* "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he *jets* under his advanced plumes !" STEEVENS.

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,[9]
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears![1]
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;[2]
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,

---

[9] I would read—*nursle*. A fondling is still called a *nursling*. STEEV

[1] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear*:
"——Take physic, pomp!
"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
"That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
"And show the heavens more just." MALONE

[2] So, in *Hamlet*:
"——sorrows never come as single spies,
"But in battalions." STEEVENS.
Again, *ibidem*,
"One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
"So fast they follow." MALONE

To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.[3]

*Lord.* That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.[4]
But bring they what they will, what need we fear ?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord. [*Exit*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;[5]
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter* PERICLES, *with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets :
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Rise, I pray you, rise ;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,

---

[3] *Whereas,* it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where* MALONE

[4] Perhaps we should read—*him who is,* and regulate the metre as follows :

*Thou speak'st*
*Like* him who is *untutor'd to repeat,* &c.

The sense is—*Deluded by the pacific appearance of this navy, you talk like one, who has never learned the common adage,* "that the fairest outsides are most to be suspected." STEEVENS.

[5] If he *stands* on peace. A Latin sense. MALONE.

Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT II.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon,)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:[6]
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

*Dumb show. Enter at one door* PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to* PERICLES; PERICLES *shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES, CLEON, *&c. severally.*

*Gow.* Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;

[6] *Thinks all is writ he spoken can*: Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy *writ*. "As true as the *gospel*," is still common language. MALONE.

And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Makes such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost;
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;[7]
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text.[8] [*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

*Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea Side. Enter* PERICLES, *wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

---

[7] Our ancestors had a plural number in their tenses which is now lost out of the language; e. g. in the present tense,

| | |
|---|---|
| I escape | We escapen |
| Thou escapest | Ye escapen |
| He escapeth | They escapen. |

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwise than thus: They *didden* [for *did*] escape. PERCY.

[8] The meaning of this may be—*Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows. The very text to it has proved of too considerable length already.* STEEVENS.

*Enter Three Fishermen.*

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche!

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?[9] they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*Per.* A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

*Per.* Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones; that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—

---

[9] Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Seas, mentions the playing of *porpusses* round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind. M. MASON.

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.[1]

*Per.* Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

*Per.* I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

1 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all: for if all your

[1] The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation. It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

"*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;"
"*The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.*"

"2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it." STEEVENS

beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

*Per.* Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since from his subjects
He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I'd wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.[2]

*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,)
*Keep it my Pericles, it hath been a shield*

---

[2] *Things must be* (says the speaker) *as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.*—Thus far the passage is clear. The Fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—*His wife's soul*—but here he is interrupted by his comrades. He might otherwise have proceeded to say—*The good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of attainment. A husband is in the right to strive for it, but after all his pains may fail to secure it.*—I wish his brother fishermen had called off his attention before he had time to utter his last three words. STEEVENS.

*'Twixt me and death ;* (and pointed to this brace ;)[3]
*For that it sav'd me, keeps it ; in like necessity,*
*Which gods protect thee from ! it may defend thee.*
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it ;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again :
I thank thee for't ; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir ?

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king ;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it ;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman ;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't !

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believe't, I will.
Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel.
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding on my arm ;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.[4]

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide ; thou shalt have my best

---

[3] The *brace* is the armour for the arm. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :
" I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
" And in my vant-*brace* put this wither'd brawn."
Avant *bras.* Fr. STEEVENS.

[4] *Bases*, signified the *housings* of a horse, and may be used in that sense here. MALONE.——It may be remarked, that Richardson in his notes on *Paradise Lost*, has the following explanation :—" *Bases*, from *Bas*, (Fr.) they fall *low* to the ground ; they are also called the *housing*, from *Housse*, *bedaggled*." STEEVENS.

gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c. Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?[5]

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.[6]

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

*Sim.* He loves you well, that holds his life of you.
[*The second Knight passes.*

---

[5] A *triumph*, in the language of Shakspeare's time, signified any public *show*, such as a *Mask* or *Revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II*:
"——hold those justs and *triumphs*?"
Again, in *King Henry VI*:
"With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comic shows." STEEVENS.

[6] The idea of this scene appears to have been caught from the *Iliad*, Book III. where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam. STEEVENS.

Who is the second, that presents himself?
*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*[7]

[*The third Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what's the third?
*Thai.* The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* What is the fourth?
*Thai.* A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*
*Sim.* Which shows, that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
*Thai.* He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
*Sim.* A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock,[8] than the lance.
2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.
3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

---

[7] That is, *more by sweetness than by force.* The author should have written *Mas* per dulcura, &c. *Piu* in Italian signifies *more*: but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

[8] That is, the carter's whip. STEEVENS.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.[9]
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great Shouts, and all cry,* The mean knight.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared. Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.
*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.
*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
*Sim.* Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above,
*Marsh.* Sir, yond's your place.
*Per.* Some other is more fit.
1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
*Per.* You are right courteous knights.
*Sim.* Sit, sit, sir; sit.
*Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.[1]

[9] That is, that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. MALONE.

[1] If this speech belongs to Pericles, he must mean to say, that w[illegible]

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.
*Sim.* He's but
A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.
*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.
*Per.* Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights?
1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?
*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.
*Knights.* We thank your grace.
*Sim.* Yet pause a while;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
*Thai.* What is it
To me, my father?
*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.[2]

---

ceases to think of his mistress, his stomach fails him. As displeasing sensations are known to diminish appetite, so pleasant ideas may be supposed to increase it. MALONE.

[2] The sense appears to be this.—When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.[3]
*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
*Sim.* How !
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
*Thai.* Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [*Aside.*
*Sim.* And further, tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
*Per.* I thank him.
*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles ;
My education being in arts and arms ;)—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was, by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
*Thai.* He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.
*Sim.* Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads ;[4]
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*

---

seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it!—a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character. STEEVENS.

[3] A *standing-bowl* was a bowl resting on a foot. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour. MALONE

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too;
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.
*Per.* In those that practise them, they are, my lord.
*Sim.* O, that's as much, as you would be denied
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PERICLES.] Pages and lights conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings:—Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.
*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House. Enter* HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.
*Hel.* And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
*Esca.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter Three Lords.*

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.
1 *Lord.* Follow me then : Lord Helicane, a word.
*Hel.* With me ? and welcome : Happy day, my lords.
1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
*Hel.* Your griefs, for what ? wrong not the prince you love.
1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane ;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out ;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there ;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.
2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure :[5]
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.
*All.* Live, noble Helicane !
*Hel.* Try honour's cause ; forbear your suffrages :
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king ;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield ;
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.
*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

---

[5] i. e. the most probable in our opinion. *Censure* is thus used in *King Richard III:*
"To give your *censures* in this weighty business." STEEVENS.

## SCENE V.

*Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace. Enter* SIMONIDES, *reading a letter, the Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.
*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.
2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?
*Sim.* 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,[6]
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*
*Sim.* So
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she 's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

*Enter* PERICLES.

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!
*Sim.* To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.
*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
*Sim.* Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of
My daughter?

---

[6] It were to be wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some more ingenious expedient for the dismission of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own. STEEVENS.

*Per.* As of a most virtuous princess.
*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?
*Per.* As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.
*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.
*Per.* Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.
*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
*Per.* What's here!
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*
O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,[7] and thou art
A villain.
*Per.* By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.
*Per.* Traitor!
*Sim.* Ay, traitor, sir.
*Per.* Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aside.*
*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.[8]
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
*Sim.* No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter* THAISA.

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

[7] So, Brabantio, addressing himself to Othello:
"Damn'd as thou art, thou hast *enchanted* her." STEEVENS.
[8] So, in *Hamlet*:
"That has no *relish* of salvation in't."
Again, in *Macbeth*:
"So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
"They *smack* of *honour* both." MALONE.

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that, would make me glad?
*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so perémptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you
I'll bring you in subjection.—
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for ought I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside*
Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?
*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.
*Per.* Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.
*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?
*Both.* Yes, 'please your majesty.
*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt*

# ACT III.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.[9]
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—Be attent,

[9] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"The *crickets sing*, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
"Repairs itself by rest." MALONE

And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;[1]
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb Show. Enter* PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter.* PERICLES *shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the Lords kneel to the former.*[2] *Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES *shows his Daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her Father, and depart. Then* SIMONIDES, *&c. retire.*

*Gow.* By many a dearn and painful perch,[3]
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,[4]
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expence,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,

---

[1] So in the Chorus to *King Henry V.* (first folio):
"————still be kind,
"And *eche* out our performance with your mind." MALONE.

[2] The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. MALONE.

[3] *Dearn* signifies lonely, solitary. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. STEEVENS.

[4] By the four opposite *corner-stones* that unite and bind together the great fabric of the world. The word is again used in *Macbeth*:
"————No jutty, frieze,
"Buttress, or *coigne* of vantage, but this bird
"Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle."
In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the world as a stupendous edifice artificially constructed. To seek a man in every *corner* of the *globe*, is still common language. MALONE.

Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
*Our heir apparent is a king :*
*Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?*
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
His queen with child makes her desire
(Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;
(Omit we all their dole and woe ;)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood
Varies again ; the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives
So up and down the poor ship drives,
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near !
Doth fall in travail with her fear :
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey :
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost prince appears to speak. [*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

*Enter* PERICLES, *on a Ship at Sea.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep ! O still thy deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy nimble
Sulphureous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen ?—Thou storm, thou ! venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs

Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida——

*Enter* LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

*Lyc.* Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.
*Per.* How ! how, Lychorida !
*Lyc.* Patience, good sir ; do not assist the storm.[5]
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter ; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
*Per.* O you gods !
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.
*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life !
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe :
Quiet and gentle thy conditions !
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy, what follows !
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb : even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,[6]
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it !

*Enter Two Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir ? God save you.
*Per.* Courage enough : I do not fear the flaw ;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.
1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there ; thou wilt not, wilt thou ? Blow, and split thyself.

---

[5] Our author uses the same expression, on the same occasion, in *The Tempest* : "You mar our labour ;—keep your cabins ; *you do assist the storm.*" MALONE.

[6] i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for gate or entrance in one of Shakspeare's historical plays. STEEVENS.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

*Per.* Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,[7]
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the sattin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre.[8] When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

---

[7] Instead *of a monument erected above thy bones,* and *perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.* STEEVENS.

[8] Change thy course, which is now *for Tyre,* and go to *Tharsus.* MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*Ephesus. A Room in* CERIMON'S *House. Enter* CERIMON, *a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter* PHILEMON.

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?
*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.
*Serv.* I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.[9]
*Cer.* Your master will be dead, ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To* PHILEMON.

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, *Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.*

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.
2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.
*Cer.* Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple; pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.
2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;

---

[9] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Threescore and ten I can remember well;
"Within the volume of which time I have seen
"Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night
"Hath trifled former knowings."
Again, in *King Lear*:
"————Since I was man,
"Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
"Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
"Remember to have heard."
Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:
"I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
"Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
"The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
"To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
"But never till to-night, never till now,
"Did I go through a tempest dropping fire."

MAL

'Tis not our husbandry.[1]
*Cer.* O, you say well.
1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
*Cer.* I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning[2] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;[3]
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

*Enter two Servants with a Chest.*

*Serv.* So; lift there.
*Cer.* What is that?
*Serv.* Sir, even now

---

[1] *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So, in *King Henry V*
"For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
"Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*."
See also *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii. MALONE.

[2] *Cunning* means here, *knowledge*. MALONE.
So in *Jeremiah*, ix. 17: "Send for *cunning* women that they may come."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Sirrah, go hire me twenty *cunning* cooks." STEEVENS.

[3] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
"In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities." STEEV.

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.
*Cer.* Set 't down, let's look on it.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
*Cer.* Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.[4]
2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.
*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?
*Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.
*Cer.* Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.
2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.
*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!
1 *Gent.* Most strange!
*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters! [*Unfolds a scroll.*

*Here I give to understand,* [Reads.
*(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)*
*I, king Pericles, have lost*
*This queen, worth all our mundane cost.*
*Who finds her, give her burying,*
*She was the daughter of a king:*
*Besides this treasure for a fee,*
*The gods requite his charity!*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.
2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.
*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

---

[4] This singular expression is again applied by our author to the sea, in *The Tempest*:

"You are three men of sin, whom destiny
"(That hath to instrument this lower world,
"And what is in't,) the never-surfeited *sea*
"Hath caused to *belch up*!" MALONE.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

*Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.[5]
The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;[6]
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

*Thai.* O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying* THAISA *away.*

---

[5] Paulina in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when she pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders music to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also, the Physician in *King Lear*, when the King is about to wake from the sleep he had fallen into, after his frenzy:

"Please you draw near;—*Louder the music there!*" MALONE.

[6] So, in *The Tempest*:

"The *fringed curtains* of thine *eye* advance,
"And say what thou seest yond?" MALONE.

## SCENE III.

*Tharsus. A Room in* CLEON's *House. Enter* PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *and* MARINA.

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone ;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness ! The gods
Make up the rest upon you !
*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.[7]
*Dion.* O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes !
*Per.* We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care ; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.
*Cle.* Fear not, my lord :
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty :
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !
*Per.* I believe you ;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,

[7] The sense of the passage should seem to be as follows.—All the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself. Though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us ; as at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus. STEEVENS.

Though I show will in't.[8] So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.
*Dion.* I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.
*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.
*Cle.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,[9] and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
*Per.* I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt*

## SCENE IV.

*Ephesus. A Room in* CERIMON'*s House. Enter* CERIMON *and* THAISA.

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
*Thai.* It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.[1]

---

[8] "Though I appear wilful and perverse by such conduct." MALONE

[9] Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile:
"Subdola pellacis ridet clementia ponti." *Lucretius.* STEEVENS

[1] Until you die. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"The *date is out* of such prolixity."
The expression of the text is again used by our author in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"An *expir'd date*, cancell'd, ere well begun."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"——and *expire* the term
"Of a despised life." MALONE

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

# ACT IV.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder.[2] But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight;[3] this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk[4]
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute

[2] Such an education as rendered her the *center* and *situation* of general wonder. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. Shakspeare in *Coriolanus* says, that one of his ladies is—"the *spire* and *top* of praise." STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. the combats of Venus; or *sight*, which needs no explanation.
"Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
"Those limbs were fashion'd for a softer *fight*."
Dryden's version of Ovid's *Epistle from Helen to Paris*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Sleided* silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the web. *sley* or *slay*. PERCY.

She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan ; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian ;[5] still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina :[6] so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath[7]
Prest for this blow.[8] The unborn event
I do commend to your content :
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

---

[5] To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—*When she would compose* supplicatory hymns to *Diana*, or verses expressive of her gratitude to *Dionyza*.

We might indeed read—*Hail* to her mistress Dian ; i. e. salute her in verse. STEEVENS.

That *Dian*, i. e. Diana, is the true reading, may, I think, be inferred from a passage in *The Merchant of Venice* ; which may at the same time perhaps afford the best comment on that before us :

"Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn ;
"With sweetest touches pierce your *mistress'* ear,
"And draw her home with music."

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

"To be a barren sister all your life,
"Chanting *faint hymns* to the cold fruitless *moon*." MALONE.

[6] i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. MALONE.

[7] *Pregnant* is *ready*. So, in *Hamlet* :

"And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee,—". MALONE.

[8] *Prest* is *ready* ; *pret*, Fr. MALONE.

## SCENE I.

*Tharsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore. Enter* DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

*Dion.* Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it :
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
*Leon.* I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.
*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her.[9] Here
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd ?
*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter* MARINA, *with a Basket of Flowers.*

*Mar.* No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers :[1] the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last.[2] Ah me ! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.[3]
*Dion.* How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing : you have

[9] So, in *King Richard III :*
" O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous,—
" The fitter for the King of Heaven." STEEVENS.

[1] By the *green*, as Lord Charlemont suggests to me, was meant " the green turf with which the grave of Lychorida was covered." *Weed* in old language meant garment. MALONE.

[2] So, in *Cymbeline :*
" ——with *fairest flowers*,
" *While summer lasts*, and I live here, Fidele,
" I'll sweeten thy sad *grave*. Thou shalt not lack
" The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
" The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no, nor
" The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
" Out-sweeten'd not thy breath." MALONE.

[3] A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is said to *whirr* away. Thus, Pope :
" Now from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs." MAL.

A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe ! Come, come ;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.[4]
Walk forth with Leonine ; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come ;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
*Mar.* No, I pray you ;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
*Dion.* Come, come ;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart.[5] We every day
Expect him here : when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports,[6] thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
I can go home alone.
*Mar.* Well, I will go ;
But yet I have no desire to it.
*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;
Remember what I have said.
*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.
*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood :
What ! I must have a care of you.
*Mar.* Thanks, sweet madam. [*Exit* DIONYZA.
Is this wind westerly that blows ?
*Leon.* South-west.
*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.
*Leon.* Was't so ?
*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen !* to the sailors, galling

---

[4] i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore ; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean. CHARLEMONT.

[5] With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countrywoman. MALONE.

[6] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once *equal* to all that fame said of it. So, in *Othello* :

" ——He hath achiev'd a maid,
" *That paragons description and wild fame.*" MALONE.

His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber :[7] *Ha !* says one,
*Wilt out ?* and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern : the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* And when was this ?

*Mar.* It was when I was born :
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers speedily.

*Mar.* What mean you ?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : Pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

*Mar* Why, will you kill me ?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd ?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger ?

*Leon.* My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :
Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,
And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst* MARINA *is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [LEONINE *runs away.*

[7] A *canvas* climber is one who climbs the mast, to furl, or unfurl, the *canvas* or *sails.* So, in *King Henry V* :

" ——and in them behold
" Upon the *hempen-tackle* ship-boys *climbing.*" STEEVENS.

2 *Pirate*. A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate*. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates, with* MARINA.

## SCENE II.

*The same. Re-enter* LEONINE.

*Leon*. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [*Exit*.

## SCENE III.

*Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel. Enter* PANDER, *Bawd, and* BOULT.

*Pand*. Boult.

*Boult*. Sir.

*Pand*. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

*Bawd*. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pand*. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd*. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

*Boult*. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

*Bawd*. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pand*. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boult*. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms: but I'll go search the market. [*Ex-*

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.[8] Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

*Enter the Pirates, and* BOULT, *dragging in* MARINA.

*Boult.* Come your ways. [*To* MARINA.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boult, has she any qualities?

*Boult.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boult?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct

[8] A *hatch* is a half-door, usually placed within a street-door, admitting people into the entry of a house, but preventing their access to its lower apartments, or its stair-case. Thus says the Syracusan Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*, to the Dromio of Ephesus: "Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the *hatch*."

When the top of a *hatch* was guarded by a row of pointed iron spikes, no person could reach over and undo its fastening, which was always within-side, and near its bottom.

This domestic portcullis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers; refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay.

From having been therefore her usual defence, the *hatch* at last became an unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the *hatch with a flat top* was a constant attendant on butteries in great families, colleges, &c. the *hatch with spikes on it* was peculiar to our early houses of amorous entertainment.—Nay, as I am assured by Mr. Walsh, (a native of Ireland, and one of the compositors engaged on the present edition of Shakspeare,) the entries to the Royal, Halifax, and Dublin bagnios in the city of Dublin, still derive convenience or security from *hatches*, the *spikes* of which are insurmountable. STEEVENS.

her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt* PANDER *and Pirates.*

*Bawd.* Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit* BOULT.

*Mar.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,
(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

*Enter* BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find

the inclination of the people, especiall· ˙ the younger sort?

*Boult.* 'Faith, they listened to ;ens, as they would have hearkened to their father's ˙ment. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?

*Bawd.* Who? monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,——

*Bawd.* Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou best the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I w[illegible]t you, mistress, thunder shall not awake the b[illegible]t. [illegible]eels,[9] as my giving out her bea[illegible] stir up the [illegible]t, tak-inclined. I'll bring home some [illegible] night. [illegible]mple

*Bawd.* Come y[illegible]r ways ; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose !

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana ? Pray y[illegible] will you go with us ? [*Exeu*[illegible]

## SCENE IV.

*Tharsus. A Room in* CLEON's *House. Enter* CLEON [illegible] DIONYZA.

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon !

*Dion.* I think
You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed.[1] O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too !
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat : what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.[2]
She died by night ; I'll say so. Who can cross it ?
Unless you play the impious innocent,[3]

---

[9] Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, bu[illegible] eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore m[illegible] easily taken. WHALLEY.

[1] So. in *Macbeth* :
"Wake Duncan with this knocking :—*Ay, would thou could'st*[illegible]
In *Pericles* as in *Macbeth*, the wife is more criminal than the husb[illegible] whose repentance follows immediately on the murder. STEEVE[illegible]

[2] So King John, on receiving the account of Arthur's death :
"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—
"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
"Think you I bear *the shears of destiny* ?
"Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?" MALO[illegible]

[3] She calls him an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery wo[illegible] touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.
An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. MALON[illegible]

nd for an honest attribute, cry out,
*e died by foul play.*
*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,
f all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
o like this worst.
*Dion.* Be one of those, that think
he petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
nd open this to Pericles. I do shame
o think of what a noble strain you are,
nd of how cow'd a spirit.[4]
*Cle.* To such proceeding
'ho ever but his approbation added,
hough not his pre-consent, he did not flow
'om honourable courses.[5]
*Dion.* Be it so then:
et none does know, but you, how she came dead,
or none can know, Leonine being gone.
e did disdain my child, and stood between
er and her fortunes: No man would look on her,
it cast their gazes on Marina's face;
'hilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
ot worth the time of day.[6] It pierc'd me thorough;
nd though you call my course unnatural,
ou not your child well loving, yet I find,
greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
erform'd to your sole daughter.

---

4] So, in *Macbeth*:
"For it hath *cow'd* my better part of man." STEEVENS.
ady Macbeth urges the same argument to persuade her husband to com-
the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uses to induce Cleon to conceal
t of Marina:
"———art thou *afraid*
"To be the same in thine own act and valour,
"As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
"Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
"And live a *coward* in thine own esteem?
"Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
"Like the poor cat i'the adage?"
ain, after the murder she exclaims:
"My hands are of your colour, but I *shame*
"*To wear a heart so white.*" MALONE.

5] A passage in *King John* bears no very distant resemblance to the pres-
:
"——If thou didst but consent
"To this most cruel act, do but despair,
"And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
"That ever spider twisted from her womb
"Will serve to strangle thee." MALONE.

6] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Corio-*
*s.* *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a *good day*, or *good-morrow*;
eserving the most common and usual salutation. STEEVENS.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!
*Dion.* And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 'tis done.
*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.[7]
*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;[8]
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOWER, *before the Monument of* MARINA *at Tharsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making, (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story.[9] Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

---

[7] In *King Henry VIII.* we meet with a similar allusion:
"Ye have *angels' faces*, but Heaven knows your *hearts*."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!"
Again, in *King John*:
"Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
"*With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens!*" MALONE.

[8] Perhaps the meaning may be—"You are one of those who superstitiously appeal to the gods on every trifling and natural event. But whatever may be the meaning, *swear to the gods*, is a very aukward expression. M. MASON.

[9] So, in the Chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:
"————I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
"Of that wide *gap*." MALONE.

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus' goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought ;[1]
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*Dumb Show. Enter, at one door,* PERICLES *with his Train ;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the Tomb of* MARINA ; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *retire.*

*Gow.* See how belief may suffer by foul show !
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears overshow'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit[2]
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA'*s Monument.*

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,*
*Who wither'd in her spring of year.*
*She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,*
*On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;*
*Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,*
*Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth :*
*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,*
*Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :*
*Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint,)*[3]
*Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

[1] Think that his pilot had the celerity of thought, so shall your thought keep pace with his operations. STEEVENS.
[2] Now be pleased to *know*. STEEV. [3] She'll never *cease*. MALONE.

No visor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

*Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel. Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing.

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*The same. A Room in the Brothel. Enter* PANDER, *Bawd, and* BOULT.

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fye, fye upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

*Bawd.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Lys.* How now? How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs.—How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would——but there never came her like in Mitylene.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

*Lys.* Well; call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

*Lys.* What, pr'ythee?

*Boult.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Enter* MARINA.

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk; —never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To* MARINA, *whom she takes aside.*

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

*Bawd.* 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Have you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd*, PANDER, *and* BOULT.

*Lys.* Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* What I cannot name but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

*Mar.* For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O, that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i'the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever still in that clear way, thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue,[4] and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* LYSIMACHUS *is putting up his purse*, BOULT *enters.*

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

---

[4] This expression occurs in *The Tempest*:
"————thy mother was
"*A piece of virtue.*" STEEVENS.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman; and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her.—Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit Bawd.*

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your way with me.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel
That hither comes enquiring for his tib;
To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not, but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But, amongst honest women?

*Boult.* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT V.

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks she dumbs;[5] and with her neeld composes[6]
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle,[7] silk, twin with the rubied cherry;

---

[5] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Where I have come, great *clerks* have purposed
"To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
"Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
"Make periods in the midst of sentences,
"Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
"And, in conclusion, *dumbly* have broke off,
"Not paying me a welcome."

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority. MALONE.

[6] *Neeld* for *needle*. MALONE.

[7] *Inkle*, as I am informed, anciently signified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c. STEEVENS.

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep:[8] from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

*On board* PERICLES' *Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them* HELICANUS.

*Tyr.Sail.* Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*
O, here he is.——
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene.
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?
*Hel.* Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
To greet them fairly.
[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.*

---

[8] The citizens vied with each other in celebrating the feast of Neptune. MALONE.

*Enter, from thence* LYSIMACHUS *and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
*Hel.* And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.
*Lys.* You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
*Hel.* First, sir, what is your place?
*Lys.* I am governor of this place you lie before.
*Hel.* Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.
*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?
*Hel.* Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
*Lys.* May we not see him then?
*Hel.* You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.
*Lys.* Yet, let me obtain my wish.
*Hel.* Behold him, sir: [PERICLES *discovered.*] this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
*Lys.* Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal sir!
*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:[9]

[9] So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"*Make battery to our ears* with the loud music." HOLT WHITE.

She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord, in the Barge of* LYSIMACHUS.[1]

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord,* MARINA, *and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?[2]

*Hel.* A gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:

---

[1] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last Act should be transacted at sea; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. MALONE.

[2] Is she not beautiful in her form? So, in *King John*:
"Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside." MALONE.

If that thy prosperous-artificial feat[3]
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
*Mar.* Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.
*Lys.* Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings.*
*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?
*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.
*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.
*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:——
*Per.* Hum! ha!
*Mer.* I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,[4]
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties[5]
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*
*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
*Per.* I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—

---

[3] So in *Measure for Measure:*
"——in her youth
"There is a prone and speechless dialect,
"Such as moves men; besides, she hath a *prosperous art*
"When she will play with reason and discourse,
"And well she can persuade." MALONE.

[4] So, in *King Henry IV:*
"By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
"But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at." MALONE.

[5] *Aukward* is adverse. Our author has the same epithet in *The Second Part of King Henry VI:*
"And twice by *aukward* wind from England's bank
"Drove back again." STEEVENS.

You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?
*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
*Per.* Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?[6]
*Mar.* Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
*Per.* Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?
*Mar.* So indeed I did.
*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
*Mar.* Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

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[6] To *owe* in ancient language is to *possess*. So, in *Othello*:
"————that sweet sleep
"That thou *ow'dst* yesterday."
The meaning of the compliment is:—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heighten'd by being in your possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner. Thus also one of Timon's flatterers:
"You mend the jewel by the wearing of it." STEEVENS.

*Per.* Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.[7] What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.
*Mar.* My name, sir, is Marina.
*Per.* O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.
*Mar.* Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
*Mar.* The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.
*Per.* How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
*Mar.* You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
*Mar.* Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.
*Per.* At sea? thy mother?
*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
*Per.* O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

---

[7] By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted sword. So, in *King Henry IV*: Part II:

"And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,
"That was uprear'd to execution."

*Extremity* (though not personified as here) is in like manner used in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering:

"———another,
"To amplify too much, would make much more,
"And top *extremity*." MALONE.

Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well :—where were you bred ?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me ; 'twere best I did give o'er.
*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :—
How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?
*Mar.* The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me ;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me ? Why do you weep ? It may be,
You think me an impostor ; no, good faith ;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
*Per.* Ho, Helicanus !
*Hel.* Calls my gracious lord ?
*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general : Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep ?
*Hel.* I know not ; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.
*Lys.* She would never tell
Her parentage ; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again !—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us : This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,

Though doubts did ever sleep.
*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.
*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.
*Per.* Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?
*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
*Per.* I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?
*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.
*Per.* None?
The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.
*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him way.
*Per.* Rarest sounds!
Do ye not hear?
*Lys.* Music? My lord, I hear—
*Per.* Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*
*Lys.* A pillow for his head;
[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of* PERICLES *is closed.*
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and attendant Lady.*

## SCENE II.

*The same.* PERICLES *on the Deck asleep;* DIANA *appearing to him as in a vision.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears.*

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,[3]
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

*Hel.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
[*To* HELICANUS.
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

*Lys.* With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose

[3] That is, regent of the *silver* moon. MALONE.

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company,
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit*.

## SCENE III.

*The Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the Altar, as high Priestess;*[9] *a number of Virgins of each side;* CERIMON *and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending. Enter* PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaïsa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child, call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery.[1] She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles![2]— [*She faints.*

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[9] Does this accord with Iachimo's description:
"Live, like *Diana's priestess*, 'twixt *cold sheets?*"
Diana must have been wofully imposed on, if she received the mother of Marina as a maiden votaress. STEEVENS.

[1] Her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. PERCY.

[2] The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last Act of *The Winter's Tale*, will, I suppose, strike every reader. MALONE.

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!
*Cer.* Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.
*Per.* 'Tis most certain.
*Cer.* Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.
*Per.* May we see them?
*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.
*Thai.* O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!
*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.
*Per.* Immortal Dian!
*Thai.* Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a Ring.*
*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.[3] O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

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[3] This is a sentiment which Shakspeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So, in *Othello:*
"——If it were now to die
"'Twere now to be most happy," &c.
Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
"To die when I desire." MALONE.
So, in the 39th *Psalm:*—"O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and *be no more seen.*" STEEVENS.

*Mar.* My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* THAISA.
*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.
*Thai.* Bless'd and mine own!
*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!
*Thai.* I know you not.
*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute,
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.
*Per.* Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Thro' whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
*Per.* Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
*Cer.* I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
*Per.* Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.
*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOWER.

*Gow.* In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.[4]
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears;
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit* GOWER.

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[4] It would be difficult to produce from the works of Shakspeare many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this. MALONE.

# ADDENDA, &c.

# ADDENDA, &c.

## VOL. I.

### SHAKSPEARE'S LIFE.

P. 4. *His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool,*] It appears that he had been an officer and bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon; and that he enjoyed some hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved services to King Henry VII. THEOBALD.

The chief Magistrate of the Body Corporate of Stratford, now distinguished by the title of Mayor, was in the early charters called the High Bailiff. This office Mr. John Shakspeare filled in 1569, as appears from the following extracts from the books of the corporation, with which I have been favoured by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon:

"Jan. 10, in the 6th year of the reign of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, John Shakspeare passed his Chamberlain's accounts.

"At the Hall holden the eleventh day of September, in the eleventh year of the reign of our sovereign lady Elizabeth, 1569, were present Mr. John Shakspeare, High Bailiff." [Then follow the names of the Aldermen and Burgesses.]

"At the Hall holden Nov. 19th, in the 21st year of the reign of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, it is ordained, that every Alderman shall be taxed to pay weekly 4d. saving *John Shakspeare* and Robert Bruce, who shall not be taxed to pay any thing; and every burgess to pay 2d."

"At the Hall holden on the 6th of September in the 28th year of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth.

"At this Hall William Smith and Richard Courte are chosen to be Aldermen in the places of John Wheler, and John Shakspeare, for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakspeare doth not come to the halls, when they be warned, nor hath not done of long time."

From these extracts it may be collected, (as is observed by the gentlemen above mentioned, to whose obliging attention to my inquiries I am indebted for many particulars relative to our poet's family,) that Mr. John Shakspeare in the former part of his life was in good circumstances, such persons being generally chosen into the corporation; and from his being excused [in 1579] to pay 4d. weekly, and at a subsequent period (1586) put out of the corporation, that he was then reduced in his circumstances.

It appears from a note to W. Dethick's Grant of Arms to him in 1596, now in the College of Arms *Vincent*, Vol. 157, p. 24, that he was a justice of the peace, and possessed of lands and tenements to the amount of 500l.

Our poet's mother was the daughter and heir of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the county of Warwick, who, in the MS. above referred to, is called "a gentleman of worship." The family of *Arden* is a very ancient one; Robert Arden of Broomwich, being in the list of the gentry of this county, returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of King Henry VI. A. D. 1433. Edward Arden was Sheriff to the county in 1568.—The woodland part of this county was anciently called *Ardern*; afterwards softened to *Arden*. Hence the name.

MALONE.

P.6. *He had bred him it is true, for some time, at a free-school,*] The free-school, I presume, founded at Stratford.

THEOBALD.

Ibid. —*into that way of living which his father proposed to him*] I believe that on leaving school Shakspeare was placed in the office of some country attorney or the seneschal of some manor court. MALONE.

Ibid. —*he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young*] It is certain he did so; for by the monument in Stratford church erected to the memory of his daughter, Susannah, the wife of John Hall, gentleman, it appears that she was born in 1583, when her father could not be full 19 years old. THEOBALD.

Susannah, who was our poet's eldest child, was baptised, May 26, 1583, Shakspeare therefore, having been born in April 1564, was nineteen the month preceding her birth. Mr. Theobald was mistaken in supposing that a *monument* was erected to her in the church of Stratford. There is no memorial there in honour of either our poet's wife or daughter, except flat tomb-stones, by which, however, the time of their respective deaths is ascertained.—His daughter, Susannah, died, not on the *second*, but the *eleventh* of July, 1649. Theobald was led into this error by Dugdale. MALONE.

P.6. *His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway.*] She was eight years older than her husbsnd, and died in 1623, at the age of 67 years. THEOBALD.

The following is the inscription on her tomb-stone in the church of Stratford:

"Here lieth interred the body of ANNE, wife of William Shakspeare, who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares."

After this inscription follow six Latin verses not worth preserving. MALONE.

P.7. —*in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him.*] See the first Note in The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Ibid. *He was received into the company—at first in a very mean rank*] There is a stage tradition, that his first office was that of *Call-boy*, or prompter's attendant; whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage.

MALONE.

P. 9. —*he commanded him to continue it for one play more*] This anecdote was first given to the public by Dennis, in the *Epistle Dedicatory* to his comedy entitled *The Comical Gallant*, 4to. 1702, altered from *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

MALONE.

P.10. —*to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public.*] In Mr. Rowe's first edition, after these words was inserted the following passage:

"After this, they were professed friends; though I do not know whether the other ever made him an equal return of gentleness and sincerity. Ben was naturally proud and insolent, and in the days of his reputation did so far take upon him the supremacy in wit, that he could not but look with an evil eye upon any one that seemed to stand in competition with him. And if at times he has affected to commend him, it has always been with some reserve; insinuating his uncorrectness, a careless manner of writing, and want of judgment. The praise of seldom altering or blotting out what he writ, which was given him by the players, who were the first publishers of his works after his death, was what Jonson could not bear: he thought it impossible, perhaps, for another man to strike out the greatest thoughts in the finest expression, and to reach those excellencies of poetry with the ease of a first imagination, which himself with infinite labour and study could but hardly attain to."

I have preserved this passage because I believe it strictly true, except that in the last line, instead of *but hardly*, I would read—*never.*

In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Jonson is said to be "so *slow an enditer*, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying." The same piece furnishes us with the earliest intimation of the quarrel between him and Shakspeare: "Why here's our fellow Shakspeare put them [the university poets] all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakspeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit." Fuller, who was a diligent inquirer, and lived near enough the time to be well informed, confirms this account, asserting in his *Worthies*, 1662, that "many were the wit-combats" between Jonson and our poet.

It is a singular circumstance that old Ben should for near two centuries have stalked on the stilts of an artificial reputation; and that even at this day, of the very few who read his works, scarcely one in ten yet ventures to confess how little entertainment they afford. Such was the impression made on the public by the extravagant praises of those who knew more of books than of the drama, that Dryden in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesie*, written about 1667, does not venture to go further in his eulogium on Shakspeare, than by saying, "he was at least *Jonson's equal*, if not his superior;" and in the preface to his *Mock Astrologer*, 1671, he hardly dares to assert, what, in my opinion, cannot be denied, that "all Jonson's pieces, except three or four, are but *crambe bis octa*; the same humours a little varied, and written worse." MALONE.

P. 11. *Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them*] In Mr. Rowe's first edition this passage runs thus:

"Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, *hearing Ben frequently reproach him with the want of learning and ignorance of the antients*, told *him at last*, That if Mr. Shakspeare," &c. By the alteration, the subsequent part of the sentence—"if *he* would produce," &c. is rendered ungrammatical. MALONE.

Ibid. *He would undertake to show something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare.*] I had long endeavoured in vain to find out on what authority this relation was founded; and have very lately discovered that Mr. Rowe probably derived his information from Dryden: for in Gildon's *Letters and Essays*, published in 1694, fifteen years before this Life appeared, the same story is told; and Dryden, to whom an Essay in vindication of Shakspeare is addressed, is appealed to by the writer as his authority. As Gildon tells the story with some slight variations from the account given by Mr. Rowe, and the book in which it is found is now extremely scarce, I shall subjoin the passage in his own words:

"But to give the world some satisfaction that Shakspeare has had as great veneration paid his excellence by men of unquestioned parts, as this I now express for him, I shall give some account of what I have heard *from your mouth*, sir, about the noble triumph he gained over all the ancients, by the judgment of the ablest criticks of that time.

"The matter of fact, if my memory fail me not, was this. Mr. Hales of Eton affirmed, that he would show all the poets of antiquity out-done by Shakspeare, in all the topics and common-places made use of in poetry. The enemies of Shakspeare would by no means yield him so much excellence; so that it came to a resolution of a trial of skill upon that subject. The place agreed on for the dispute was Mr. Hales' chamber at Eton. A great many books were sent down by the enemies of this poet; and on the appointed day my Lord Falkland, Sir John Suckling, and all the persons of quality that had wit and learning, and interested themselves in the quarrel, met there; and upon a thorough disquisition of the point, the judges chosen by agreement out of the learned and ingenious assembly, unanimously gave the preference to Shakspeare, and the Greek and Roman poets were adjudged to vail at least their glory in that, to the English Hero."

Dryden himself also certainly alludes to this story, which he appears to have related both to Gildon and Rowe, in the following passage of his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1667; and he as well as Gildon goes somewhat further than Rowe in his panegyric. After giving that fine character of our poet which Dr. Johnson has quoted in his preface, he adds, "The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, *that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it* MUCH BETTER *done by Shakspeare;* and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court [that of Charles I.] when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him."

Let *ever-memorable* Hales, if all his other merits be forgotten, be ever mentioned with honour, for his good taste and admiration of our poet. "He was," says Lord Clarendon, "one of the least men in the kingdom; and one of the greatest scholars in Europe." See a long character of him in Clarendon's *Life*, Vol. 1. p. 52. MALONE.

P.11. *He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion.*] Gildon, without authority, I believe, says, that our

author left behind him an estate of 300l. per ann. This was equal to at least 1000l. per ann. at this day; the relative value of money, the mode of living in that age, the luxury and taxes of the present time, and various other circumstances, being considered. But I doubt whether all his property amounted to much more than 200l. per ann. which yet was a considerable fortune in those times. He appears from his grand-daughter's will, to have possessed in Bishopton, and Stratford Welcombe, four yard land and a half. *A yard land* is a denomination well known in Warwickshire, and contains from 30 to 60 acres. The average therefore being 45, four yard land and a half may be estimated at two hundred acres. As sixteen years purchase was the common rate at which the land was sold at that time, that is, one half less than at this day, we may suppose that these lands were let at seven shillings per acre, and produced 70l. per annum. If we rate the *New-Place* with the appurtenances, and our poet's other houses in Stratford, at 60l. a year, and his house, &c. in the Blackfriars, (for which he paid 140l.) at 20l. a year, we have a rent-roll of 150l. per annum. Of his personal property it is not now possible to form any accurate estimate: but if we rate it at five hundred pounds, money then bearing an interest of ten per cent. Shakspeare's total income was 200l. per ann.* In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was written soon after the year 1600, *three hundred pounds a year* is described as an estate of such magnitude as to coyer all the defects of its possessor:

"O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
"Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year."

MALONE.

P. 11. —*to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford.*] In 1614 the greater part of the town of Stratford was consumed by fire; but our Shakspeare's house, among some others, escaped the flames. This house was first built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and Lord Mayor in the reign of King Henry VII. By his will be bequeathed to his elder brother's son his manor of Clopton, &c. and his house, by the name of the Great House in Stratford. Good part of the estate is yet [in 1733] in the possession of Edward Clopton, Esq. and Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. lineally descended from the elder brother of the first Sir Hugh.

The estate had now been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakspeare became the

* To Shakspeare's income from his real and personal property must be added 200l. per ann. which he probably derived from the theatre, while he continued on the stage.

purchaser: who having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New-place*, which the mansion-house, since erected upon the same spot, at this day retains. The house, and lands which attended it, continued in Shakspeare's descendants to the time of the restoration; when they were re-purchased by the Clopton family, and the mansion now belongs to Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. To the favour of this worthy gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular in honour of our poet's once dwelling-house, of which I presume Mr. Rowe never was apprized. When the Civil War raged in England, and King Charles the First's Queen was driven by the necessity of her affairs to make a recess in Warwickshire, she kept her court for three weeks in New-Place. We may suppose it then the best private house in the town; and her Majesty preferred it to the College, which was in the possession of the Combe family, who did not so strongly favour the King's party. THEOBALD.

From Mr. Theobald's words the reader may be led to suppose that Henrietta Maria was obliged to take refuge from the rebels in Stratford-upon-Avon: but that was not the case. She marched from Newark, June 16, 1643, and entered Stratford-upon-Avon triumphantly, about the 22d of the same month, at the head of three thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, with 150 waggons and a train of artillery. Here she was met by Prince Rupert, accompanied by a large body of troops. After sojourning about three weeks at our poet's house, which was then possessed by his grand-daughter Mrs. Nash, and her husband, the Queen went (July 13) to the plain of Keinton under Edge-hill, to meet the King, and proceeded from thence with him to Oxford, where, says a contemporary historian, "her coming (July 15) was rather to a triumph than a war."

Of the college above mentioned the following was the origin: John de Stratford, bishop of Winchester, in the fifth year of King Edward III. founded a Chantry consisting of five priests, one of whom was Warden, in a certain chapel adjoining to the church of Stratford on the south side; and afterwards (in the seventh year of Henry VIII.) Ralph Collingwode instituted four choristers, to be daily assistant in the celebration of divine service there. This chantry, says Dugdale, soon after its foundation, was known by the name of *The College* of Stratford-upon-Avon.

In the 26th year of Edward III. "a house of square stone" was built by Ralph de Stratford, Bishop of London, for the habitation of the five priests. This house, or another on the same spot, is the house of which Mr. Theobald speaks. It

still bears the name of "the College," and at present belongs to the Rev. Mr. Fullerton.

After the suppression of religious houses, the site of the college was granted by Edward VI. to John earl of Warwick and his heirs; who being attained in the first year of Queen Mary, it reverted to the crown.

Sir John Clopton, Knt. (the father of Edward Clopton, Esq. and Sir Hugh Clopton,) who died at Stratford-upon-Avon in April, 1719, purchased the estate of New-place, &c some time after the year 1685, from Sir Reginald Forster, Bart. who married Mary, the daughter of Edward Nash, Esq. cousin-german to Thomas Nash, Esq. who married our poet's granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall. Edward Nash bought it, after the death of her second husband, Sir John Barnard, Knight By her will, she directed her trustee, Henry Smith, to sell the New-Place, &c. (after the death of her husband,) and to make the first offer of it to her cousin Edward Nash, who purchased it accordingly. His son Thomas Nash, whom for the sake of distinction I shall call the younger, having died without issue, in Aug. 1652, Edward Nash by his will, made on the 16th of March, 1678-9, devised the principal part of his property to his daughter Mary, and her husband Reginald Forster, Esq. afterwards Sir Reginald Forster; but in consequence of the testator's only referring to a deed of settlement executed three days before, without reciting the substance of it, no particular mention of New-Place is made in his will. After Sir John Clopton had bought it from Sir Reginald Forster, he gave it by deed to his younger son, Sir Hugh, who pulled down our poet's house, and built one more elegant on the same spot.

In May, 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, by Sir Hugh Clopton. He was a barrister at law, was knighted by George the First, and died in the 80th year of his age, in Dec. 1751. His nephew, Edward Clopton, the son of his elder brother Edward, lived till June, 1759.

The only remaining person of the Clopton family now living, (1788), as I am informed by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, is Mrs. Partheriche, daughter and heiress of the second Edward Clopton above mentioned. "She resides," he adds, "at the family mansion at Clopton near Stratford, is now a widow, and never had any issue."

*The New-Place* was sold by Henry Talbot, Esq. son-in-law and executor of Sir Hugh Clopton, in or soon after the year 1752, to the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagree-

ment with the inhabitants of Stratford. Every house in that town that is let or valued at more than 40s. a year, is assessed by the overseers, according to its worth, and the ability of the occupier, to pay a monthly rate toward the maintenance of the poor. As Mr. Gastrell resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly, but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied on him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants in his absence, he peevishly declared, that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. Wishing, as it should seem, to be "damn'd to everlasting fame," he had some time before cut down Shakspeare's celebrated mulberry-tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to those whose admiration of our great poet led them to visit the poetic ground on which it stood.

That Shakspeare planted this tree, is as well authenticated as any thing of that nature can be. The Rev. Mr. Davenport informs me, that Mr Hugh Taylor, (the father of his clerk,) who is now eighty-five years old, and an alderman of Warwick, where he at present resides, says, he lived, when a boy, at the next house to New-Place; that his family had inhabited the house for almost three hundred years; that it was transmitted from father to son during the last and the present century; that this tree (of the fruit of which he had often eaten in his younger days, some of its branches hanging over his father's garden,) was planted by Shakspeare; and that till this was planted, there was no mulberry-tree in that neighbourhood. Mr. Taylor adds, that he was frequently, when a boy, at New-Place, and that this tradition was preserved in the Clopton family, as well as in his own.

There were scarce any trees of this species in England till the year 1609, when by order of King James many hundred thousand young mulberry-trees were imported from France, and sent into the different counties, with a view to the feeding of silk-worms, and the encouragement of the silk manufacture. See Camdeni *Annales ab anno* 1603 *ad annum* 1628, published by Smith, quarto, 1691, p. 7; and Howe's Abridgment of Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1618, p. 503, where we have a more particular account of this transaction than in the larger work. A very few mulberry-trees had been planted before; for we are told, that in the preceding year a gentleman of Picardy, Monsieur Forest, "kept greate store of English silk-worms at Greenwich, the which the king with great pleasure came often to see them worke; and of their silke he caused *a piece of taffata* to be made."

Shakspeare was perhaps the only inhabitant of Stratford, whose business called him annually to London; and probably on his return from thence in the spring of the year 1609, he planted this tree.

As a similar enthusiasm to that which with such diligence has sought after Virgil's tomb, may lead my countrymen to visit the spot where our great bard spent several years of his life, and died; it may gratify them to be told that the ground on which *The New-Place* once stood, is now a garden belonging to Mr. Charles Hunt, an eminent attorney, and town-clerk of Stratford. Every Englishman will, I am sure, concur with me in wishing that it may enjoy perpetual verdure and fertility:

In this retreat our SHAKSPEARE's godlike mind
With matchless skill survey'd all human kind.
Here may each sweet that blest Arabia knows,
*Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose,*
To latest time, their balmy odours fling,
And nature here display eternal spring! MALONE.

P. 12. *the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.*] I take this opportunity to avow my disbelief that Shakspeare was the author of Mr. Combe's Epitaph, or that it was written by any other person at the request of that gentleman. If Betterton the player did really visit Warwickshire for the sake of collecting anecdotes relative to our author, perhaps he was too easily satisfied with such as fell in his way, without making any rigid search into their authenticity.

I may add, that a usurer's solicitude to know what would be reported of him when he was dead, is not a very probable circumstance; neither was Shakspeare of a disposition to compose an invective, at once so bitter and uncharitable, during *a pleasant conversation among the common friends* of himself and a gentleman, with whose family he lived in such friendship, that at his death he bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe as a legacy. A miser's monument indeed, constructed during his life-time, might be regarded as a challenge to satire; and we cannot wonder that anonymous lampoons should have been affixed to the marble designed to convey the character of such a being to posterity.—I hope I may be excused for this attempt to vindicate Shakspeare from the imputation of having poisoned the hour of confidence and festivity, by producing the severest of all censures on one of his company. I am unwilling, in short, to think he could so wantonly and so publickly have expressed his doubts concerning the salvation of one of his fellow-creatures. STEEVENS.

It occurred to me that the will of John Combe might possibly throw some light on this matter, and an examination of it some years ago furnished me with such evidence as renders it highly improbable that it should have been written by Shakspeare.

That he had any quarrel with our author, or that Shakspeare had by any act *stung him so severely that Mr. Combe never forgave him*, appears equally void of foundation; for by his will he bequeaths "to Mr. William Shakspere Five Pounds." MALONE.

P. 12. —*where a monument is placed in the wall.*] He is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:

*Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,*
*Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.*

THEOBALD.

The first syllable in *Socratem* is here made short, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we should read *Sophoclem.* Shakspeare is then appositely compared with a dramatic author among the ancients: but still it should be remembered that the eulogium is lessened while the metre is reformed; and it is well known that some of our early writers of Latin poetry were uncommonly negligent in their prosody, especially in proper names. The thought of this distich, as Mr. Tollet observes, might have been taken from *The Faery Queene* of Spenser, B. II. c. ix. st. 48, and c. x. st. 3.

To this Latin inscription on Shakspeare should be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument:

"Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
"Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd
"Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whom
"Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
"Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
"Leaves living art but page to serve his wit."

Obiit Ano. Dni. 1616.

æt. 53, die 23 Apri. STEEVENS.

It appears from the Verses of Leonard Digges, that our author's monument was erected before the year 1623.

MALONE.

P. 13. *Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbaine.*] *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662, written by W. Rowley; the old play of *King John*, in two parts, 1591, on which Shakspeare formed his *King John*; and *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, written by George Peele.

The editor of the folio, 1664, subjoined to the 36 dramas published in 1623, seven plays, four of which had appeared in Shakspeare's life-time with his name in the title-page, viz. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, *The London Prodigal*, 1605, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608; the three others which they inserted, *Locrine*, 1595, *Lord Cromwell*, 1602, and *The Puritan*, 1607, having been printed with the initials W. S. in the title-page, the editor chose to interpret those letters to mean William Shakspeare, and ascribed them also to our poet. I published an edition of these seven pieces some years ago, freed in some measure from the gross errors with which they had been exhibited in ancient copies, that the public might see what they contained; and do not hesitate to declare my firm persuasion that of *Locrine, Lord Cromwell, Sir John Oldcastle, The London Prodigal*, and *The Puritan*, Shakspeare did not write a single line.

How little the booksellers of former times scrupled to affix the names of celebrated writers to the productions of others, even in the life-time of such celebrated authors, may be collected from Heywood's translations from Ovid, which in 1612, while Shakspeare was yet living, were ascribed to him. With the dead they would certainly make still more free. "This book (says Anthony Wood, speaking of a work to which the name of Sir Philip Sydney was prefixed) *coming out so late*, it is to be inquired whether Sir Philip Sydney's name is not set to it for sale-sake, being a usual thing in these days to set a great name to a book or books, by sharking booksellers, or snivelling writers, to get bread." MALONE.

P. 13. —*in a late collection of poems.*] Mr. Rowe did not go beyond *A Late Collection of Poems*, and does not seem to have known that Shakspeare wrote 154 Sonnets, and a poem entitled *A Lover's Complaint*. MALONE.

P. 14. —*are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them.*] The criticks who renounce tragi-comedy as barbarous, I fear, speak more from notions which they have formed in their closets, than any well-built theory deduced from experience of what pleases or displeases, which ought to be the foundation of all rules.

Even supposing there is no affectation in this refinement, and that those criticks have really tried and purified their

minds till there is no dross remaining, still this can never be the case of a popular audience, to which a dramatic representation is referred.

Dryden in one of his prefaces condemns his own conduct in The Spanish Friar; but, says he, I did not write it to please myself, it was given to the public. Here is an involuntary confession that tragi-comedy is more pleasing to the audience: I would ask then, upon what ground it is condemned?

This ideal excellence of uniformity rests upon a supposition that we are either more refined, or a higher order of beings than we really are: there is no provision made for what may be called the animal part of our minds

Though we should acknowledge this passion for variety and contrarieties to be the vice of our nature, it is still a propensity which we all feel, and which he who undertakes to divert us must find provision for.

We are obliged, it is true, in our pursuit after science, or excellence in any art, to keep our minds steadily fixed for a long continuance; it is a task we impose on ourselves: but I do not wish to task myself in my amusements.

If the great object of the theatre is amusement, a dramatic work must possess every means to produce that effect; if it gives instruction by the by, so much its merit is the greater; but that is not its principal object. The ground on which it stands, and which gives it a claim to the protection and encouragement of civilized society, is not because it enforces moral precepts, or gives instruction of any kind; but from the general advantage that it produces, by habituating the mind to find its amusement in intellectual pleasures; weaning it from sensuality, and by degrees filing off, smoothing, and polishing, its rugged corners. Sir J. Reynolds.

P. 15. —*the same coat of arms which* Dugdale, *in his Antiquities of that county describes for a family there.*] There are two coats, I observe, in Dugdale, where three silver fishes are borne in the name of *Lucy;* and another coat to the monument of Thomas Lucy, son of Sir William Lucy, in which are quartered in four several divisions, twelve little fishes, three in each division, probably *luces*. This very coat, indeed, seems alluded to in Shallow's giving the *dozen* white *luces;* and in Slender's saying *he may quarter.* Theobald.

P. 15. —*but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy.*] In 1701 Lord Lansdown produced his alteration of *The Merchant of Venice*, at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, under the title of *The Jew of Venice*, and expressly calls it a *comedy*. Shylock was performed by Mr. Dogget.

Reed.

And such was the bad taste of our ancestors that this piece continued to be a stock-play from 1701 to Feb. 14, 1741, when *The Merchant of Venice* was exhibited *for the first time* at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and Mr. Macklin made his first appearance in the character of Shylock. MAL.

P. 22. —*are both concerned in the murder of their husbands,*] It does not appear that Hamlet's mother was concerned in the death of her husband. MAL.

P. 24. —*Many came on horseback to the play,*] Plays were at this time performed in the afternoon. "The pollicie of plaies is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censurers (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugne them. For whereas *the afternoon* being the idlest time of the day wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the court, the innes of the court, and a number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they divide (how vertuously it skills not) either in gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play, is it not better (since of four extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least which is plaies?" Nash's Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, 1592. STE.

Ibid. —*the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakspeare's boys.*] I cannot dismiss this anecdote without observing that it seems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakspeare quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reason to suppose that he had forfeited the protection of his father who was engaged in a lucrative business, or the love of his wife who had already brought him two children, and was herself the daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is unlikely therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his prosecutor, that he should conceal his plan of life, or place of residence, from those who, if he found himself distressed, could not fail to afford him such supplies as would have set him above the necessity of *holding horses* for subsistence. Mr. Malone has remarked in his Attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakspeare were written, that he might have found an easy introduction to the stage; for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townsman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatic turn; or his own sagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue

to both. That it was once the general custom to ride on horse-back to the play, I am likewise yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time, that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement, was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition. Some allusion to this usage, (if it had existed) must, I think, have been discovered in the course of our researches after contemporary fashions. Let it be remembered too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, Vol I. p. 130. "Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe," who, according to Dr. Johnson, related it to Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe (if this intelligence be authentic) seems to have concurred with me in opinion, as he forebore to introduce a circumstance so incredible into his Life of Shakspeare. As to the book which furnishes the anecdote, not the smallest part of it was the composition of Mr. Cibber, being entirely written by a Mr. Shiells, amanuensis to Dr. Johnson, when his Dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purposely so prefixed as to leave the reader in doubt whether himself or his father was the person designed.

The foregoing anecdote relative to Cibber's Lives, &c. I received from Dr. Johnson. See, however, the Monthly Review, for December, 1781, p. 409. STE.

Mr. Steevens in one particular is certainly mistaken. To the theatre in Blackfriars I have no doubt that many gentlemen rode in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. From the Strand, Holborn, Bishopsgate Street, &c. where many of the nobility lived, they could indeed go no other way than on foot, or on horseback, or in coaches; and coaches till after the death of Elizabeth were extremely rare. Many of the gentry, therefore, certainly went to that playhouse on horseback. See the proofs, in the Essay above referred to.

This, however, will not establish the tradition relative to our author's first employment at the playhouse, which stands on a very slender foundation. MAL.

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Mr. Oldys had covered several quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From these I have made the following extracts, which (however trivial) contain the only circumstances that wear the least appearance of novelty or information.

"If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern, in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city,) a grave melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son young Will. Davenant (afterwards Sir William) was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old,[1] and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god*-father Shakspeare. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me, at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument then newly erected in Westminster Abbey;[2] and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I answered, that I thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice fruits of observation he has presented to us in his preface to the edition he had published of our poet's works. He replied—"There might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reason he omitted it.[3]

[1] He was born at Oxford in February 1605-6. MALONE.

[2] "This monument," says Mr. Granger, was erected in 1741, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn, Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Rich gave each of them a benefit towards it, from one of Shakspeare's plays. It was executed by H. Scheemaker, after a design of Kent.

"On the monument is inscribed—*amor publicus posuit*. Dr. Mead objected to *amor publicus*, as not occurring in old classical inscriptions; but Mr. Pope and the other gentlemen concerned insisting that it should stand, Dr. Mead yielded the point, saying,

"Omnia vincit *amor*, nos et cedamus *amori*."

"This anecdote was communicated by Dr. Lort, late Greek Professor of Cambridge, who had it from Dr. Mead himself."

It was recorded at the time in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1741, by a writer who objects to every part of the inscription, and says it ought to have been, "G. S. centum viginti et quatuor post *obitum annis populus plaudens* [aut *favens*] posuit."

The monument was opened Jan. 29, 1741. Scheemaker is said to have got 300*l.* for his work. The performers at each house, much to their honour, performed gratis; and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster took nothing for the ground. The money received by the performance at Drury Lane, amounted to above 200*l.* at Covent Garden to about 100*l.* These particulars I learn from Oldys's MS. notes on Langbaine. MALONE.

[3] Mr. Oldys might have added, that *he* was the person who suggested to Mr. Pope the singular course, which he pursued in his edition of Shak-

"Old Mr. Bowman the player reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakspeare's, in or near that town."

To these anecdotes I can only add the following.

At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's Poems, it is said, "That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person now living can testify."

Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note to his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, observes, that "the story came from the Duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William D'Avenant."

The late Mr. Thomas Osborne, bookseller, (whose exploits are celebrated by the author of the *Dunciad,)* being ignorant in what form or language our *Paradise Lost* was written, employed one of his garretteers to render it from a French translation into English prose. Lest, hereafter, the compositions of Shakspeare should be brought back into their native tongue from the version of Monsieur le Compte de Catuelan, le Tourneur, &c. it may be necessary to observe, that all the following particulars, extracted from the preface of these gentlemen, are as little founded in truth as their description of the ridiculous Jubilee at Stratford, which they have been taught to represent as an affair of general approbation and national concern.

speare. "Remember," says Oldys in a MS. note to his copy of Langbaine, article, Shakspeare, "what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use, out of Cowley's preface." The observation here alluded to, I believe, is one made by Cowley in his preface, p. 53, edit. 1710, 8vo: "This has been the case with Shakspeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others, part of whose poems I should presume to take the boldness to *prune* and *lop away*, if the care of *replanting them in print* did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and as Statius says of little Tydeus,—

"——totos infusa per artus
"Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus."

Pope adopted this very unwarrantable idea; striking out from the text of his author whatever he did not like: and Cowley himself has suffered a sort of poetical punishment for having suggested it, the learned Bishop of Worcester [Dr. Hurd] having *pruned* and *lopped away* his beautiful luxuriances, as Pope, on Cowley's suggestion, did those of Shakspeare. MALONE.

They say, that Shakspeare came to London without a plan, and finding himself at the door of a theatre, instinctively stopped there, and offered himself to be a holder of horses :—that he was remarkable for his excellent performance of the Ghost in *Hamlet* :—that he borrowed nothing from preceding writers :—that all on a sudden he left the stage, and returned without eclat into his native country :—that his monument at Stratford is of copper :—that the courtiers of James I. paid several compliments to him which are still preserved :—that he relieved a widow, who, together with her numerous family, was involved in a ruinous lawsuit :—that his editors have restored many passages in his plays, by the assistance of the manuscripts he left behind him, &c. &c.

Let me not, however, forget the justice due to these ingenious Frenchmen, whose skill and fidelity in the execution of their very difficult undertaking, is only exceeded by such a display of candour as would serve to cover the imperfections of much less elegant and judicious writers. STEEVENS.

## JOHNSON'S PREFACE.

P. 33. —*tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.*] Thus, says Downes the Prompter, p. 22 : "The tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was made some time after [1662] into a tragicomedy, by Mr. James Howard, he preserving Romeo and Juliet alive ; so that when the tragedy was revived again, 'twas play'd alternately, tragical one day, and tragi-comical another, for several days together." STEEVENS.

P.34. —*his comedy to be instinct.*] In the rank and order of geniuses it must, I think, be allowed, that the writer of good tragedy is superior. And therefore, I think the opinion, which I am sorry to perceive gains ground, that Shakspeare's chief and predominant talent lay in comedy, tends to lessen the unrivalled excellence of our divine bard.

J. WARTON.

P.37. —*with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.*] As a further extenuation of Shakspeare's error, it may be urged that he found the Gothic mythology of Fairies already incorporated with Greek and Roman story, by our early translators. Phaer and Golding, who first gave us Virgil and Ovid in an English dress, introduce Fairies almost as often as Nymphs are mentioned in these classic authors. Thus Homer, in his *24th Iliad* :

"In Sypilus——in that place where 'tis said
"The goddesse *Fairies* use to dance about the funeral bed
"Of Achelous :———."

Neither are our ancient versifiers less culpable on the score of anachronisms. Under their hands the *balista* becomes a *canson*, and other modern instruments are perpetually substituted for such as were the produce of the remotest ages.

It may be added, that in Arthur Hall's version of the fourth *Iliad*, Juno says to Jupiter;

"—the time will come that *Totnam French* shall turn." And in the tenth Book we hear of "*The Bastile*," "*Lemster* wooll," and "The *Byble*." STE.

P. 40. —*unities of time and place.*] Mr. Twining, among his judicious remarks on the poetic of Aristotle, observes, that "with respect to the strict unities of *time* and *place*, no such rules were imposed on the Greek poets by the critics, or by themselves; nor are imposed on *any* poet, either by the *nature*, or the *end*, of the dramatic imitation itself."

Aristotle does not express a single precept concerning unity of *place*. This supposed restraint originated from the hypercriticism of his French commentators. STE.

P. 41. —*make the stage a field.*] So, in the Epistle Dedicatory to Dryden's *Love's Triumphant*: "They who will not allow this liberty to a poet, make it a very ridiculous thing, for an audience to suppose themselves sometimes to be in a field, sometimes in a garden, and at other times in a chamber. There are not, indeed, so many absurdities in their supposition, as in ours; but 'tis an original absurdity for the audience to suppose themselves to be in any other place, than in the very *theatre* in which they sit; which is neither a chamber, nor garden, nor yet a public place of any business but that of the representation." STE.

P. 54. —*we make such prose in common conversation.*] Thus, also, Dryden, in the Epistle Dedicatory to his Rival Ladies: "Shakspeare who (with some errors not to be avoided in that age, had, undoubtedly, a larger soul of poesie than ever any of our nation) was the first, who, to shun the pains of continual rhyming, invented that kind of writing which we call blank verse, but the French more properly, *prose mesurée*; into which the English tongue so naturally slides, that in writing prose 'tis hardly to be avoided." STE.

P. 56. —*printed without correction of the press.*] Much deserved censure has been thrown out on the carelessness of our ancient printers, as well as on the wretched transcripts they obtained from contemporary theatres. Yet I cannot help observing that, even at this instant, should any one undertake to publish a play of Shakspeare from pages of no greater

fidelity than such as are issued out for the use of performers, the press would teem with as interpolated and inextricable nonsense as it produced above a century ago. Mr. Colman, who cannot be suspected of ignorance or misrepresentation, in his preface to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, very forcibly styles the prompter's books "the most inaccurate and barbarous of all manuscripts." And well may they deserve that character: for verse, as I am informed, still continues to be transcribed as prose by a set of mercenaries, who in general have neither the advantage of literature or understanding. *Foliis tantum ne carmina manda ne turbata volent ludibria*, was the request of Virgil's Hero to the Sybil, and should also be the supplication of every dramatic poet to the agents of a prompter. STE.

P. 73. ——*from the bishop of Aleria.*] John Andreas. He was secretary to the Vatican Library during the papacies of Paul II. and Sixtus IV. By the former he was employed to superintend such works as were to be multiplied by the new art of printing, at that time brought into Rome. He published Herodotus, Strabo, Livy, Aulus Gellius, &c. His schoolfellow, Cardinal de Cusa, procured him the bishopric of Accia, a province in Corsica; and Paul II. afterwards appointed him to that of *Aleria* in the same island, where he died in 1493. STE.

## THE TEMPEST.

P. 5. *Play the men.*] i. e. act with spirit, behave like men. So, Chapman's translation of the second *Iliad:*

> "Which doing, thou shalt know what souldiers *play the men*,
> "And what the cowards."

Again, in scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: "Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people." MALONE.

P. 6. —*bring her to try with main course.*] Probaby from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our main course.*" MAL.

This phrase occurs also in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article *How to handle a ship in a Storme:* "Let us lie at *Trie with our maine course*; that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord." STE.

P. 6. *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*] *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. STE.

P. 6. —*set her two courses ; off to sea again,*] The courses are the main sail and foresail. JOH.

P. 6. —*merely cheated of our lives*] Merely in this place, signifies *absolutely* ; in which sense it is used in *Hamlet*, Act i :

" ———Things rank and gross in nature
" Possess it *merely*." STE.

P. 7. — *full poor cell,*] A cell in a great degree of poverty. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* : " I am *full sorry*." STE.

P. 8. —*that there is no soul*—] Thus the old editions read : but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*that there is no soul lost*, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is unlucky : the author probably wrote *no soil*, no stain, no spot ; for so Ariel tells :

" Not a hair perish'd ;
" On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
" But fresher than before."

And Gonzalo, " The rarity of it is, that our garments being drenched in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses." Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on The Tempest had a glimpse, but could not keep it.

JOH.

Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspeare. He sometimes begin a sentence, and, before he concludes it, entirely changes its construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage.

STE.

P. 10. ———*like one,*
*Who having* unto *truth by telling of* it,
*Made such a sinner of his memory,*
*To credit his own lie*] There is, perhaps, no correlative, to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong. *Lie*, however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.

STE.

There is a very singular coincidence between this passage and one in Bacon's History of King Henry VII. [Perkin Warbeck] " did in all things notably acquit himself ; insomuch as " it was generally believed, that he was indeed duke Richard. " Nay, himself, with long and continual counterfeiting, and " with *oft* telling a lye, was turned by habit almost into the " thing he seemed to be ; and from a liar to be a believer."

MAL.

P. 11. —*deck'd the sea,*] To *deck*, I am told, signifies in the North, to sprinkle. See Ray's DICT. *of North Country words*, in *verb.* to *deg*, and to *deck*; and his DICT. *of South Country words*, in *verb dag*. The latter signifies *dew* upon the grass;—hence *daggle-tailed*. MAL.

A correspondent, who signs himself Eboracensis, proposes that this contested word should be printed *degg'd*, which, says he, signifies sprinkled, and is in daily use in the North of England. When clothes that have been washed are too much dried, it is necessary to moisten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by sprinkling; this operation the maidens universally call *degging*. REED.

P. 12. *Now I arise*] Why does Prospero *arise*? Or, if he does it to ease himself by change of posture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read:

"*Mir.* 'Would I might
"But ever see that man?—Now I arise.
"*Pro.* Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."

Prospero in p. 8, had directed his daughter to "sit down," and learn the whole of this history; having previously by some magical charm disposed her to fall asleep. He is watching the progress of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long story, often asking her whether her attention be still awake. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes) with their coming on shore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, she therefore first expresses a wish to see the good old man, and then observes that she may "now arise," as the story is done. Prospero, surprised that his charm does not yet work, bids her "sit still;" and then enters on fresh matter to amuse the time, telling her (what she knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But soon perceiving her drowsiness coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her still sitting to her slumbers. BLACKSTONE.

As the words—"now I arise"—may signify, "now I *rise* in my narration,"—"now my story *heightens* in its consequence," I have left the passage in question undisturbed. We still say, that the interest of a drama rises or declines. STE.

P. 12. —*and all his quality*] i. e. all his confederates, all who are of the same profession. So, in Hamlet:

"Come, give us a taste of your quality." STE.

P. 15. —*in Argier*] Argier is the ancient English name for Algiers. STE.

P. 16. *The strangeness*—] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe, experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing. JOHNSON.

The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long but necessary tale, and therefore strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of his magic robe and wand: then by waking her attention no less than six times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he rises and bids her continue sitting: and lastly, by carrying on the business of the fable while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage till the poet has occasion for her again.

WARNER.

P. 21. *He's gentle, and not fearful.*] "How have your commentators been puzzled by the following expression in The Tempest, 'He's gentle, and not fearful;' as if it was a paralogism to say that being *gentle*, he must of course be courageous: but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of that word was, noble, high minded: and to this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in The Tempest, would express herself nearly in the same terms.—Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is, high spirited, he won't tamely bear an insult."

Smollett's Humphrey Clinker, Vol. II. p. 182.

REED.

P. 28. *Trebles thee o'er.*] You must put on more than your usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper attention to my proposal; which attention if you bestow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are.* STE.

Ibid. *You more invest it!*] A judicious critic in The Edinburgh Magazine for Nov. 1786, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage, "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. '—It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies, 'O if you knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!'" ST.

P. 32. —*looks like a foul bumbard.*] This term again occurs in The First Part of Henry IV: "—that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bumbard of sack—" And again, in Henry VIII. "And here you lie baiting of bombards, when ye

should do service." By these several passages, 'tis plain th word meant a large vessel for holding drink, as well as th piece of ordnance so called. THE

P. 33. —*his gaberdine ;*] A gaberdine is properly the coars frock or outward garment of a peasant. Spanish *Gaberdina.* ST

P. 33. —*if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near t remove his fit :*] This is no impertinent hint to those who in dulge themselves in a constant use of wine. When it is ne cessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect. ST

P. 33. —*I will not take too much for him.*] Let me take wha sum I will, however great, *I shall not take too much for him* it is impossible for me to sell him too dear. MA

P. 34. —*to be the siege of this moon-calf?*] Siege signifie *stool* in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirti est. A moon-calf is an inanimate shapeless mass, suppose by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hist B. X. ch. 64. STE

P. 36. *Young sea-mells.*] Sir Joseph Banks informs me that in Willoughby's, or rather John Ray's Ornithology, p. 34 No. 3, is mentioned the common *sea-mall,* Larus cinereus mi nor ; and that young sea-gulls have been esteemed a delicat food in this country, we learn from Plott, who, in his Histor of Staffordshire, p. 231, gives an account of the mode o taking a species of gulls called in that country *pewits,* with plate annexed, at the end of which he writes, "they being ac counted a good dish at the most plentiful tables." To this it may be added, that Sir Robert Sibbald in his Ancient State o the Shire of Fife, mentions amongst fowls which frequent neighbouring island, several sort of *sea-malls,* and one in par ticular, the *katiewake,* a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall kind,* of the bigness of an ordinary pigeon, which some hold, says he, to be as savoury and as good meat as a partridge is. REED

P. 40. *Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.*] Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able t stand. The quibble between standard, an ensign, and stan dard, a fruit-tree that grows without support, is evident. ST

P. 41. *Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.*] Per haps Shakspeare caught this idea from the 4th chapter o Judges, v. 21 : "Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto

him, and smote the nail into his temples, &c. for he was fast asleep," &c. STE.

P. 41. *What a pied ninny's this ?*] It should be remembered that Trinculo is no *sailor*, but a *jester ;* and is so called in the ancient dramatis personæ. He therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of these characters. ST.

P. 44. *Praise in departing.*] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying. ST.

P. 45. *Each putter-out, &c.*] The ancient custom here alluded to was this. In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople." ST.

P. 47. *—a thread of mine own life.*] "A thread of mine own life" is a fibre or a part of my own life. Prospero considers himself as the stock or parent-tree, and his daughter as a fibre or portion of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense the word is used in Markham's English Husbandman, edit. 1635, p. 146: "Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small thriddes or twist rootes you shall not cut at all." TOLLET.

P. 51. *And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*] Faded means here—having vanished; from the Latin, *vado.* So, in Hamlet:

"It faded on the crowing of the cock."

To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English pageants were shows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were sometimes in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dia-

logue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See Fabian, II 382. Warton's Hist. of Poet. II. 199, 202.

The well-known lines before us may receive some illustration from Stowe's account of the pageants exhibited in the year 1604, (not long before this play was written,) on King James, his Queen, &c. passing triumphantly from the Tower to Westminster; on which occasion seven gates or arches were erected in different places through which the procession passed.—Over the first gate "was represented the true likeness of all the notable houses, TOWERS and steeples, within the citie of London."—"The sixt arch or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleete-Streete, whereon the GLOBE of the world was seen to move, &c. At Temple-bar a seaventh arche or gate was erected, the fore-front whereof was proportioned in every respect like a TEMPLE, being dedicated to Janus, &c.—The citie of Westminster, and dutchy of Lancaster, at the Strand had erected the invention of a Rainbow, the moone, sunne, and starres, advanced between two Pyramides," &c. ANNALS, p. 1429, edit. 1605.

MAL.

P. 52. *So his mind cankers :*] Shakspeare, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what his patron's most intimate friend the great Lord Essex, in an hour of discontent said of Queen Elizabeth : "that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase :"—a speech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of King James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated.

MAL.

## TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

P. 27. *My staff understands me.*] This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, B. VI :

"——The terms we sent were terms of weight,
"Such as, we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
"And stagger'd many ; who receives them right,
"Had need from head to foot well *understand* ;
"Not *understood*, this gift they have besides,
"To shew us when our foes stand not upright." JOH.

P. 50. —*with a cod-piece, &c.*] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress, may consult

Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, in which such matters are very amply discussed. It is mentioned, however, in Tyro's Roaring Megge, 1598.

"Tyro's round breeches have a cliffe behind;
"And that same perking longitude before,
"Which for a pin-case antique plowmen wore."

Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shown as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The same fashion appears to have been no less offensive in France. See Montaigne, Chap. XXII. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency was continued by the illiberal warders of the Tower, till forbidden by authority. STE.

P. 38. —*for she hath had gossips:*] Gossips not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident. STE.

P. 56. *I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.*] It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before wigs were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called periwigs. STE.

See Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. sc. iii: "—and her hair shall be of what colour it please God." And The Merchant of Venice, Act III. sc. ii:

"So are crisped, snaky golden locks," &c.

Again, in The Honestie of this Age, proving by good Circumstance that the World was never honest till now, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615; "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes, to bestowe upon some new-fashioned attire;—upon such artificial deformed periwigs, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman." Again, ibid: "These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of periwigs, and their monstrous attires, closed in boxes,—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of hair, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MAL.

## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 5. *Sir* is the designation of a Bachelor of Arts in the universities of Cambridge and Dublin; but is there always annexed to the surname—Sir Evans, &c. In consequence, however, of this, all the inferior clergy in England were distinguished by this title affixed to their christian names for many centuries. Hence our author's Sir Hugh in the present play, Sir Topaz in Twelfth Night, Sir Oliver in As you like it, &c.
MAL.

*Sir* seems to have been a title formerly appropriated to such of the inferior clergy as were only *Readers* of the service, and not admitted to be preachers, and therefore were held in the lowest estimation. PERCY.

P. 7. *How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale*] He means *Cotswold*, in Gloucestershire. In the beginning of the reign of James I., by permission of the king, one Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of Cotswold an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his majesty's old clothes; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment. The games, as appears from a curious frontispiece, were chiefly wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly coursing the hare with greyhounds. Hence also we see the meaning of another passage, where Falstaff, or Shallow, calls a stout fellow a *Cotswold-man*.
T. WARTON.

P. 15. *As many devils entertaine;*] Do you retain in your *service* as many devils as she has angels. So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"Sweet lady, *entertain* him for your *servant*." MAL.

Ibid. *—my pinnace*] A pinnace is a small vessel with a square stern, having sails and oars, and carrying three masts; chiefly used, says Rolt in his Dictionary of Commerce, as a *scout* for intelligence, and for landing of men. MAL.

P. 19. *You shall have An fool's head*] Mrs. Quickly, I believe, intends a quibble between *Ann*, sounded broad, and *one*, which was formerly sometimes pronounced *on*, or with nearly the same sound. In the Scottish dialect *one* is written, and I suppose pronounced, *ane*. MAL.

P. 21. *Flemish drunkard*] It is not without reason that this term of reproach is here used. Sir John Smythe in "Certain Discourses," &c. 1590, says, that the habit of drinking was introduced into England from the Low Countries "by some of our such men of warre within these very few yeares: whereof it is come to passe that now-a-dayes there are very fewe feastes where our said men of warre are present, but that they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling soever they be, to carowsing and quaffing; and, because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the health and prosperitie of princes; to the health of counsellors, and unto the health of their greatest friends both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be deade drunke, or, as the Flemings say, *Doot dronken*." He adds, "And this aforesaid detestable vice hath within these six or seven yeares taken wonderful roote amongest our English nation, that in times past was wont to be of all other nations of Christendome one of the soberest." REED.

P. 21. *These knights will hack*] That is, become cheap or vulgar; and therefore Mrs. Page advises her friend not to sully her gentry by becoming one. BLACKSTONE.

Between the time of king James's arrival at Berwick in April 1603, and the 2d of May, he made 237 knights; and in the July following between 3 and 400 more. This stroke of satire must therefore have been highly relished by the audience. MAL.

P. 22. —*press.*] Press is used ambiguously, for a press to print, and a press to squeeze. JOH.

P. 27. —*to your manor of Pickt-hatch,*] That this evidently means, "to your house of ill fame," see Note in Pericles, p. 57. STE.

P. 30. —*one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.*] It seems to have been a common custom at taverns, in our author's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Of the existence of this practice the following anecdote of Ben Jonson and Bishop Corbet furnishes a proof: "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah, says he, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in

those words. 'Friend,' says Dr. Corbet, 'I thank him for his love; but 'pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken; for *sacrifices* are always *burnt*." Merry Passages and Jeasts, MSS. Harl. 6395. MAL.

This practice was continued as late as the Restoration. In the Parliamentary History, Vol. XXII. p. 114, we have the following passage from Dr. Price's Life of General Monk: "I came to the Three Tuns before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but wine followed me as a present from some citizens, desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me." REED.

P. 32. —*and I will aggravate his stile;*] Stile is a phrase from the Herald's office. Falstaff means, that he will add more titles to those he already enjoys. STE.

P. 34. —*bully Stale?*] The reason why Caius is called bully Stale, and afterwards Urinal, must be sufficiently obvious to every reader, and especially to those whose credulity and weakness have enrolled them among the patients of the present *German* empiric, who calls himself *Doctor* Alexander Mayersbach. STE.

P. 57. *I have lived fourscore years and upward;*] We must certainly read—*threescore*. In The Second Part of King Henry IV. during Falstaff's interview with Master Shallow, in his way to York, which Shakspeare has evidently chosen to fix in 1412, (though the Archbishop's insurrection actually happened in 1405,) Silence observes that it was then *fifty-five years* since the latter went to Clement's Inn; so that, supposing him to have begun his studies at *sixteen*, he would be born in 1341, and, consequently, be a very few years older than John of Gaunt, who, we may recollect, broke his head in the tilt-yard. But, besides this little difference in age, John of Gaunt at eighteen or nineteen would be above six feet high, and poor Shallow, with all his apparel, might have been *truss'd into an eel-skin*. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that the present play ought to be read between the First and Second Part of Henry IV. an arrangement liable to objections which that learned and eminent critic would have found it very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to surmount. But, let it be placed where it may, the scene is clearly laid between 1402, when Shallow would be *sixty-one*, and 1412, when he had the meeting with Falstaff: Though one would not, to be sure, from what passes on that occasion, imagine the parties had been together so lately at Windsor; much less that the Knight had

ever beaten his worship's keepers, kill'd his deer, and broke open his lodge. The alteration now proposed, however, is in all events necessary; and the rather so, as Falstaff must be nearly of the same age with Shallow, and *fourscore* seems a little too late in life for a man *of his kidney* to be making love to, and even supposing himself admired by, two at a time, travelling in a buck-basket, thrown into a river, going to the wars, and making prisoners. Indeed, he has luckily put the matter out of all doubt, by telling us in the First Part of King Henry IV. that his age was "some *fifty*, or, by'r lady, *inclining to threescore.*" RITSON.

P. 41. *Among the whitsers*] A typographical error has escaped in the text of this edition: for *whitsers*, read *whitsters*; i.e. the blanchers of linen. DOUCE.

P. 43. —*that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.*]

May not the *tire-valiant* be so called from the air of boldness and confidence which it might give the wearer? A certain court divine (who can hardly be called a courtly one) in a sermon preached before King James the First, thus speaks of the ladies' head dresses: "Oh what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and top gallants, with her upper decks and her nether decks, and so bedeckt with her streames, flags, and ensigns, and I know not what; yea but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fans, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe, *like a saile; yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap*, like a flag in her top, *to tell (I thinke) which way the wind will blow.*" The Merchant Royall, a sermon preached at Whitehall before the King's Majestie, at the nuptialls of Lord Hay and his Lady, Twelfth-day, 1607, 4to. 1615. Again, "—it is proverbially said, that far fetcht and deare bought is fittest for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is base and homely; and what every one eates is meate for dogs; and wee must have bread from one countrie, and drinke from another; and wee must have meate from Spaine, and sauce out of Italy; and if wee weare any thing, it must be pure Venetian, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French." Ibid. REED.

P. 43. —*behind the arras.*] The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not

more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in Much Ado about Nothing, and Polonius in Hamlet, also avail themselves of this convenient recess. STE.

P. 45. *How you drumble.*] To drumble, in Devonshire, signifies to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice. HENLEY.

P. 45. —*So, now uncape,*] Is a term in fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the fox when earthed. The Oxford editor reads—*uncouple.* WARB.

I believe that Hanmer's amendment is right, and that we ought to read—*uncouple.*—Ford, like a good sportsman, first stops the earths, and then uncouples the hounds. M. MASON.

P. 45. —*who was in the basket!*] We should read—*what* was in the basket: for though in fact Ford has asked no such question, he could never suspect there was either man or woman in it. The propriety of this emendation is manifest from a subsequent passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook —" the jealous knave asked them once or twice what they had in their basket." RITSON.

P. 48. —*come cut and long-tail,*] The last conversation I had the honour to enjoy with Sir William Blackstone, was on this subject; and by a series of accurate references to the whole collection of ancient Forest Laws, he convinced me of our repeated error, *expeditation* and *genuscission,* being the only established and technical modes ever used for disabling the canine species. Part of the tails of spaniels indeed, are generally cut off (ornamenti gratia) while they are puppies, so that (admitting a loose description) every kind of dog is comprehended in the phrase of cut and long-tail, and every rank of people in the same expression, if metaphorically used. STE.

P. 55. —*you must be preeches.*] Sir Hugh means to say—you must be breeched, i. e. flogged. To breech is to flog. So, in The Taming of the Shrew:

" I am no breeching scholar in the schools." STE.

P. 56. —*watch the door with pistols,*] This is one of Shakspeare's anachronisms. DOUCE.

Thus, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Thaliard says:

" ——if I

" Can get him once within my pistol's length," &c.

and Thaliard was one of the courtiers of Antiochus the third, who reigned 200 years before Christ STE.

P. 64. —*Anthropophaginian*—] i. e. a cannibal. See Othello, Act I. sc. iii. It is here used as a sounding word to astonish Simple. *Ephesian,* which follows, has no other meaning. STE.

P. 64. —*wise woman of Brentford ?*] In our author's time female dealers in palmistry and fortune-telling were usually denominated wise women. REED.

This appellation occurs also in our version of the Bible: "Her wise ladies answered her, yea she returned answer to herself." Judges v. 29. STE.

P. 69 —*Ay, sir Tike ; who more bold ?*] The folio reads—Ay, sir, *like*, &c. MAL.

P. 66. —*at primero.*] *Primero* and *primavista*, two games of cards. Primum et primum visum, that is, first and first seene, because he that can show such an order of cardes, wins the game." See Minsheu's DICT. 1617. REED.

P. 20. —*in a pit hard by Herne's oak,*] An oak, which may be that alluded to by Shakspeare, is still standing close to a pit in Windsor forest. It is yet shown as the oak of Herne. STE.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 5. ——*Then no more remains*
*But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,*
*And let them work.*] To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and thinks a line has been acidentally dropped, which he attempts to restore thus :

But that to your sufficiency *you add*
*Due diligence,* as your worth is able, &c.

But I am of opinion that by *sufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the Duke to Escalus. The plain meaning of the word being this : "Put your skill in governing (says the Duke) to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together." WARB.

Some words seem to be lost, the sense of which, perhaps, may be thus supplied :

——Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency *you put*
*A zeal as willing* as your worth is able,
And let them work. TYRWHITT.

*Sufficiency* is skill in government ; ability to execute his office. *And let them work*, a figurative expression ; *Let them ferment*. MAL.

P. 6. *Are not thine own so proper*] i. e. are not so much thine own property. STE.

Ibid. *Both thanks and use*] i. e. She (Nature) requires and allots to herself the same advantages that creditors usually enjoy,—thanks for the endowments she has bestowed, and extra[illegible]

ordinary exertions in those whom she hath thus favoured, by way of *interest* for what she has lent. *Use*, in the phraseology of our author's age, signified interest of money. MAL.

P. 14. —*make me not your story.*] Mr. Ritson explains this passage, "do not make a jest of me." REED.

P. 16. *What know the laws,*
*That thieves do pass on thieves?*] How can the administrators of the laws take cognizance of what I have just mentioned? How can they know, whether the jurymen, who decide on the life or death of thieves, be themselves as criminal as those whom they try? *To pass on* is a forensic term. MAL.

P. 17. *Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;*] I find from Holinshed that the *brake* was an engine of torture. "The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the brake, called the *Duke of Excester's Daughter*, by means of which pain he showed many things," &c.

"When the Dukes of Exeter and Suffolk, says Blackstone, in his Commentaries, Vol. IV. chap. xxv. and other ministers of Henry VI had laid a design to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture; which was called in derision the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London, where it was occasionally used as an engine of state, not of law, more than once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." STE.

P.26. *I am that way going to temptation,*
*Where prayers cross.*] The petition of the Lord's Prayer—"lead us not into temptation"—is here considered as crossing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow's meeting, being a premeditated exposure of himself to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart. HENLEY.

P. 28. —*And pitch our evils there?*] No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella but served the more to inflame.—The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings x. 27. HENLEY.

Ibid. —*O, injurious love,*] Hanmer reads *law*, the trace of the letters in the words *law* and *love* being so nearly alike.—The law affected the life of the man only, not that of the woman; and this is the injury that Juliet complains of, as she wished to die with him. M. MASON.

P. 30. *Whilst my intention,*] read *invention.* By *invention,* I believe the poet means—*imagination.* STE.

So, in King Henry V :

" O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
" The brightest heaven of *invention !*" MAL.

P. 31. *'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth*] What you have stated is undoubtedly the divine law : murder and fornication are both forbid by the *canon of scripture* ;—but on *earth* the latter offence is considered as less heinous than the former. MAL.

Ibid. *Stand more for number than accompt*] Actions to which we are compelled, however *numerous,* are not *imputed* to us by heaven as crimes. If you cannot save your brother but by the loss of your chastity, it is not a voluntary but compelled sin, for which you cannot be *accountable.* MAL.

P. 32. —*as these black masks*] The phrase *these black masks* signifies nothing more than black masks ; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonstrative pronoun is put for the prepositive article. TYRWHITT.

P.46. —*her clack-dish :*] A custom is still kept up in the villages near Oxford, about Easter, for the poor people and children to go *a clacking :* they carry wooden bowls, salt boxes, &c. and make a rattling noise at the houses of the principal inhabitants, who give them bacon, eggs, &c. HARRIS.

P. 51. —*false and most contrarious quests*] mean lying and contradictory *messengers,* with whom *run volumes of report.* RITSON.

P. 74. —*Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power.*] That is, a premature discovery of it. M. MASON.

## COMEDY OF ERRORS.

P. 14. *Poor I am but his stale*] " *Stale* to catch thieves" in The Tempest, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait.* Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse, pretence.* I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended* wife, the mask under which he covers his amours. STE.

P. 22. *We shall part with neither*] To *part* does not signify to *share* or divide, but to *depart* or *go away* ; and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either. M. MASON.

P. 25. *Not mad but mated*] I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded,

but *matched with a wife :* and Antipholis, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. MASON.

P. 38. —*your customers ?*] A customer is used in Othello for a common woman. Here is seems to signify one who visits such women. MAL.

P. 45. —*His man with scissars nicks him like a fool :*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. STE.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously shave a common man like a fool. TOLLET.

The hair of idiots is still cut close to their heads, to prevent the consequences of uncleanliness. RITSON.

## VOL. II.

### MERCHANT OF VENICE.

P. 13. —*And I am prest unto it :*] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but *ready*, Pret, Fr. STE.

P. 14. —*the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakspeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship ; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the same praise. STE.

P. 37. —*embraced heaviness*] We say of a man now, that he "hugs his sorrows," and why might not Antonio embrace heaviness ? JOH.

P. 55. —*It is much, that the Moor should be more, &c.*] Shakspeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas More :

"When *More* some years had chancellor been,
"No *more* suits did remain ;
"The like shall never *more* be seen,
"Till *More* be there again." RITSON.

P. 71. —*The man that hath no music in himself,*
*Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,*] Let not this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated music among the *illiberal* pleasures, adds—"if you love music, hear

it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I must insist on your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous and contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 158: "A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing but *bad company*." STE.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

P. 33. *Wherein we play in.*] I believe, with Mr. Pope, that we should only read—

Wherein we play.

and add a word at the beginning of the next speech, to complete the measure; viz.

"*Why*, all the world's a stage."

Thus, in Hamlet:

"*Hor.* So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern go to't.

"*Ham. Why*, man, they did make love to their employment."

Again, in Measure for Measure:

"*Why*, all the souls that were, were forfeit once."

Again, ibid:

"*Why*, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done."

In twenty other instances, we find the same adverb introductorily used. STE.

P. 74. *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*] This should be read thus:

*As those that fear* their hap, *and know* their *fear*. WARB.

I read thus:

*As those that fear* with *hope, and hope* with *fear*.

Or thus, with less alteration:

*As those that fear*, they *hope, and* now *they fear*. JOH.

I would read:

*As those that fear*, then *hope; and know*, then *fear*. MUSGRAVE.

I have little doubt but it should run thus:

*As those who* fearing *hope, and* hoping *fear*. M. MASON.

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition of a semi-colon:

*As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear*. HENLEY.

## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

P. 9. —*by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen.*] Shakspeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido. STE.

P. 19. *And never, since the middle summer's spring.*] The middle summer's spring, is, I apprehend, the season when trees put forth their *second*, or, as they are frequently called, their *midsummer shoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his Silva: "Cut off all the side boughs, and especially at midsummer, if you spy them *breaking* out." And again, "Where the rows and brush lie longer than *midsummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loss of the *second spring*." HENLEY.

P. 20. —*their winter here;*] *Here*, in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer,—their winter *cheer*; but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "Their *winter*" may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas, which, it appears from the next line, was particularly in our author's contemplation. MAL.

Ibid. *No night is now with hymn or carol blest:*] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, (winter,) in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes. WARB.

*Hymns and carols*, in the time of Shakspeare, during the season of Christmas, were sung every night about the streets, as a pretext for collecting money from house to house. STE.

P. 20. *Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, &c.*] The repeated adverb *therefore*, throughout this speech, I suppose to have constant reference to the first time when it is used. All these irregularities of season happened in consequence of the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in consequence of each other. Ideas crowded fast on Shakspeare; and as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise. Mr. Malone concurs with me on this occasion.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. STE.

Ibid. —*Hyems' chin,*] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

——*on old Hyems'* chill *and icy crown.*

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin.* STE.

*Thinne* is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word. MAL.

P. 24. *And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.*] It is called, in other counties the "Three-coloured violet," the "Herb of Trinity," "Three faces in a hood," "Cuddle me to you," &c. STE.

Ibid. *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;*
*But yet you draw not iron,*] I learn from Edward Fenton's Certaine Secret Wonders of Nature, bl. l. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offendyng any parte of him." STE.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

P. 35. *No, not to be so odd*] I should read, *nor* to be so odd, &c. M. MASON.

P. 61. *With candle-wasters;*] This is a very difficult passage, and hath not, I think, been satisfactorily cleared up. The explanation I shall offer, will give, I believe, as little satisfaction; but I will, however, venture it. *Candle-wasters* is a term of contempt for scholars: thus Jonson, in Cynthia's Revels, Act III. sc. ii: "—spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a *candle-waster.*" The sense then, which I would assign to Shakspeare, is this: "If such a one will patch grief with proverbs,—case or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial sayings;—make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters,—stupify misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lucubrations of scholars; the production of the lamp, but not fitted to human nature." *Patch*, in the sense of mending a defect or breach, occurs in Hamlet:

"O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
"Should *patch* a wall, to expel the winter's flaw."

WHALLEY.

## LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

P. 30. *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.*] The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a tumbler carries his hoop, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHN.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours.* So, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson : " —dispatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson. STE.

P. 51. *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.*] Our author had heard or read of " the gardens of the Hesperides," and seems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept ; as we say, the gardens of the Tuilleries, &c. MAL.

P. 64. *Veal, quoth the Dutchman.*] I suppose, by *veal,* she means *well,* sounded as foreigners usually pronounce that word ; and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question. MAL.

## VOL. III.

### TAMING OF THE SHREW.

P. 5. *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*] The office of Thirdborough is the same with that of Constable, except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant. The etymology of the word is uncertain. RITSON.

P. 10. *Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd.*] Perhaps we might read *bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen ; but the present reading may stand. JOH.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboss'd* means swelled in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe ?* What has the imbossing of a *deer* to do with that of a *hound ?* 'Imbossed sores' occur in As you like it ; and in King Henry IV. the prince calls Falstaff 'imboss'd rascal !' RITSON.

P. 15. *Old John Naps of Greece*] Read, old John Naps o'th' Green. BLACKSTONE.

P. 17. *Or so devote to Aristotle's checks.*] Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks.* The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

P. 59. *To pass assurance—*] means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, " The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is assured to him. So in a subsequent scene of this act : " they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance.*" MAL.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

P. 25. —*and great seas have dried.*] *So holy writ,* &c. alludes to Daniel's judging, when, 'a young youth,' the two elders in the story of Susannah. *Great floods,* &c. when Moses smote the rock in Horeb, Exod. xvii *Great seas have dried,* &c. refers to the children of Israel passing the Red sea, when miracles had been denied, or *not hearkened to,* by Pharaoh.

H. WHITE.

P. 32. . . . . *good alone*

*Is good, without a name; vileness is so.*] Shakspeare may mean that external circumstances have no power over the real nature of things *Good alone* (by itself) *without a name* (without the addition of titles) *is good. Vileness is so* (is itself.) Either of them is what its name implies.

"Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
"'Tis not the devil's crest." Mea. for Mea. STE.

Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear.

MAL.

## TWELFTH NIGHT.

P. 15. —*madonna,*] Ital. mistress, dame. So, *La maddona,* by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin.* STE.

P. 16. —*a most weak pia mater*] The *pia mater* is the membrane that immediately covers the substance of the brain.

STE.

P. 37. *Day-light and champian discovers not more:*] i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer.

WARB.

P. 42. *Then westward hoe:*] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by the children of Paul's, on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in Hamlet, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself. STE.

P. 44. *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.*] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies. WARB.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. STE.

P. 49. —*Play at cherry-pit*—] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. Nash, speaking of the paint on ladies' faces, says: "You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks."

STE.

P. 50. *More matter for a May morning.*] It was usual on the first of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as the morris-dance. STE.

P. 66. *Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,*
*Kill what I love ;*] In this *simile*, a particular story is presupposed, which ought to be known to show the justness and propriety of the comparison. It was taken from Heliodorus's Æthiopics, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This "Egyptian thief" was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave ; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast. THEO.

P. 71. *—you must allow vox.*] The Clown, we may presume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, "If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantic tone." MAL.

## WINTER'S TALE.

P. 8. *You were pretty lordlings then.*] Read *lordings*.

P. 10. *We must be neat ;*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat ;* then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly.* JOH.

P. 11. *Affection ! thy intention stabs the center*] *Affection*, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in the Merchant of Venice:
"————*affection*,
"Mistress of passion, sways it," &c.
i. e. imagination governs our passions. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, "when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every

side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitations of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or in Shakspeare's language,—*stabs him to the center.* STE.

P. 22. *A sad tale's best for winter :*] Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

P. 51. *My traffic is sheets ;*] Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

When the good women, in solitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miss any of their *lesser linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her nest ; and there adventuturous boys often find it employed for that purpose.

HOLT WHITE.

P. 57. *Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,*] There is some further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been discovered. The old copy, (in both instances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gilly'vors*, a term still used by low people in Sussex, to denote a harlot. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female. STE.

P. 60. —*the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.*] The word *sleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's Collectanea, 1770 : "A surcoat [of crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the collar, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise*" is Englished "the wristband, or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt." I conceive, that the "work about the square on't," signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons.

TOLLET.

P. 67. *Where no priest shovels-in dust.*] This part of the priest's office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time : it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words "earth to earth," &c.

HENLEY.

## MACBETH.

P. 17. *The Prince of Cumberland.*] The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king, (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

STE.

P. 20. —*the blanket of the dark,*] *Blanket* was perhaps suggested to our poet by the coarse woollen curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the house was yet but half-lighted, he had himself often peeped.—In King Henry VI. P. III. we have—" night's coverture." MAL.

P. 23. *And falls on the other.*] The general image, though confusedly expressed, relates to a horse, who, overleaping himself, falls, and his rider under him.

Macbeth, as I apprehend, is meant for the rider, his *intent* for his horse, and his *ambition* for his *spur ;* but, unluckily, as the words are arranged, the *spur* is said to *over-leap* itself. Such hazardous things are long-drawn metaphors in the hands of careless writers. STE.

P. 33. *New hatch'd to the woeful time.*] *Prophecying* is what is *new-hatch'd*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*. The *events* are the fruit of such hatching. STE.

P. 36. ——*the near in blood,*
*The nearer bloody.*] Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer ; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. STE.

P. 38. —*Colmes-kill* ;] Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour. STE.

It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a *burying-place*. MAL.

P. 47. *Than pity for mischance !*] " I have more cause to accuse him of unkindness for his absence, than to pity him for any accident or mischance that may have occasioned it."

DOUCE.

P. 60. —*when we hold rumour*] *Hold* means, in this place, to *believe*, as we say, I *hold* such a thing to be true, i. e. I take *it*, I believe it to be so.

When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears.

STE.

# VOL. IV.

## KING JOHN.

P. 12. *Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like :*] Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1509, and called Soliman and Perseda. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him ; as, for instance :

" *Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

" *Pist.* By the contents of this blade,—

" *Bas.* By the contents of this blade,—

" *Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

" *Bas.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*:

" *Pist.* *Knave*, good fellow, knave, knave."

Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throws off that reproach by humorously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*. THEOBALD.

P. 24. *Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,*] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the seditious.

Our author had probably read the following passages in A compendious and most marvellous History of the latter Times of the Jewes Common-Weale, &c. Written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion,—translated into English, by Peter Morwyn : " The same yeere the civil warres grew and increased in Jerusalem ; for the citizens slew one another without any truce, rest, or quietnesse.—The people were divided into three parties ; whereof the first and best followed Anani, the high-priest ; another part followed seditious Jehochanan ; the third most cruel Schimeon.—Anani, being a perfect godly man, and seeing the common-weale of Jerusalem governed by the seditious, gave over his third part, that stacke to him, to Eliasar, his sonne. Eliasar with his companie took the Temple, and the courts about it ; appointing of his men, some to be spyes, some to keepe watche and warde.—But Jehochanan tooke the market-place and streetes, the lower part of the citie. Then Schimeon, the Jerosolimite, tooke the highest part of the towne, wherefore his men annoyed Jehochanan's parte sore with slings and crossebowes. Between these three there was also most cruel battailes in Jerusalem for the space of four daies.

" Titus' campe was about sixe furlongs from the towne. The next morrow they of the towne seeing Titus to be encamped upon the mount Olivet, the captaines of the seditious

assembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending to turne their cruelty upon the Romaines, confirming and ratifying the same atonement and purpose, by swearing one to another; and so became peace among them. Wherefore joyning together, that before were three severall parts, they set open the gates, and the best of them issued out with an horrible noyse and shoute, that they made the Romaines afraide withall, in such wise that they fled before the seditious, which sodainly did set upon them unawares." MAL.

P. 37. —*Volquessen,*] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin;* in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus.* That part of it called the *Norman Vexin,* was in dispute between Philip and John. STE.

P. 44. *To England, if you will.*] Neither the French king nor Pandulph has said a word of England since the entry of Constance. Perhaps, therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King John: "Take my son to England, if you will;" now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is therefore, of no consequence to me where he is. MAL.

## KING RICHARD II.

P. 24. *Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:*] "In this 22d yeare of King Richard (says Fabian,) the common fame ranne, that the king had letten to farm the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes." MAL.

P. 29. *As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:*] *Stow* records, that Richard II. "compelled all the Religious, Gentlemen, and Commons, to set their seales to *blankes,* to the end he might as it pleased him, oppresse them severally, or all at once: some of the Commons paid 1000 markes, some 1000 pounds," &c. Chronicle, p. 319, fol. 1639. HOLT WHITE.

P. 54. *Then I must not say, no.*] "The duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings horses, and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth; the king was set on the one, and the earl of Salisburie on the other: and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucesters sonne, and to the earle of Arundels sonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death, who led him straight to the castle." Stowe, (p. 521, edit. 1605,) from a manuscript account written by a person who was present. MAL.

P. 57. *Westminster Hall.*] The rebuilding of Westminster-Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him. MAL.

P.59. *Surrey*] Thomas Holland earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the King, being sons of his mother Joan, (daughter of Edmond earle of Kent,) who after the death of her second husband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MAL.

P.81. *The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,*
*Hath yielded up his body to the grave;*] This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation here given of his death, after Holinshed's Chronicle, is untrue, as he survived the King many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him. RITSON.

P.82. *Carlisle, this is your doom.*] This prelate was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishopric *in partibus infidelium;* and the only preferment he could ever after obtain, was a rectory in Gloucestershire. He died in 1409. RITSON.

## HENRY IV. PART I.

P. 7. *—the prisoners,*] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from Camden's Britannia, that Pounouny castle in Scotland was built out of the ransome of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present Earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife to the King; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STE.

P. 8. *Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.*] Falstaff starts at the idea of Phœbus, i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to *El Donzel del Febo,* the *knight of* the sun in a

Spanish Romance translated (under the title of The Mirror of Knighthood, &c.) during the age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was "most excellently *faire*," and a great *wanderer*, as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to. will discover. STE.

P. 11. —*sir John Sack-and-Sugar.*] Much inquiry has been made about Falstaff's sack, and great surprize has been expressed that he should have mixed sugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the first time in this play, it may not be improper to observe, that it is probable that Falstaff's wine was Sherry, a Spanish wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himself calls it *Sherris-sack*. Nor will his mixing sugar with sack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put sugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beer or ale,—but gentlemen garrawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom for that purpose. And because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns (for I speak not of merchantes' or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." MAL.

P. 16. *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;*] Shakspeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's brother-in-law. In Act II. Lady Percy expressly calls him her brother Mortimer. And yet when he enters in the third Act, he calls Lady Percy his aunt, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistence may be accounted for as follows. It appears from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower; each of them bearing the name of Edmund; one being Edmund earl of March, nephew to Lady Percy, and the proper Mortimer of this play; the other, Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the former, and brother to Lady Percy. Shakspeare confounds the two persons. STE.

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old historians, married Eleanor, the sister of Roger earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund earl of March, that appears in the present play. But this Edmund had a sister likewise named Eleanor. Shakspeare might, therefore, have at different times confounded these two Eleanors. In fact, however, the sister of Roger earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called Elizabeth. MAL.

P. 30. *How now, Kate?*] Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not Katharine but Elizabeth,) or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of Kate, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of Katharine and Petruchio, and the courtship between King Henry V. and the French Princess. The wife of Hotspur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger Earl of March, and aunt to Edmund Earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of Lord Mortimer. STE.

P. 38. —*in Kendal green,*] *Kendal-green* was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. STE.

P. 40. *Give him as much as will make him a royal man.*] He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*; in this sense the Prince catches the word, and bids the landlady "give him as much as will make him a royal man," that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away. JOH.

The *royal* went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.

This seems to be an allusion to a jest of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said: "My *royal* Queen," and a little after: "My *noble* Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What, am I *ten groats* worse than I was?" TOLLET.

P. 55. *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,*] The Prince was removed from being President of the Council, immediately after he struck the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne. MAL.

P. 59. *Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,*] There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *Lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the King.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the King's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being the Earl of March in England, the other, Earl of March in Scotland,)

but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to them both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, instead of *March*. STE.

## HENRY IV. PART II.

P. 63. —*I, in my condition,*

*Shall better speak of you than you deserve.*] I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place; I believe it is the same with temper of mind: I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you merit. JOH.

P. 78. *Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,*

*But Harry Harry:*] Amurath the Third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally disaffected to Mahomet his eldest son, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janizaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor by the great Bassas, and others his favourers; "which done, (says Knolles,) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came chearfully, as men fearing no harm: but, being come, were there all most miserably strangled." It is highly probable that Shakspeare here alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

This circumstance, therefore, may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1596; and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent. MAL.

P. 83. ———*fig me, like*

*The bragging Spaniard.*] Dr. Johnson has properly explained this phrase; but it should be added, that it is of Italian origin. When the Milanese revolted against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, they placed the empress his wife upon a mule with her head towards the tail, and ignominiously expelled her their city. Frederick afterwards besieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his prisoners on pain of death to take with his teeth a fig from the posteriors of a mule. The party was at the same time obliged to repeat to the executioner the words "ecco la fica." From this circumstance "Far la fica" became a term of derision, and was adopted by other nations. The French say likewise "faire la figue." DOUCE.

P. 84. *Nuthook, nuthook, you lie.*] From a late "critical review," I learn that *nuth-hut* in the language of the Bazegurs or Nuts of Hindostan signifies *rascal* or *blackguard*, and that it was probably introduced into England by the gypsies, between

whose language and manners and those of the Nuts a considerable similarity has been discovered by Mr. Richardson as detailed in the 7th vol. Asiatic Researches. *Boston Monthly Anth.* vol ii. p. 131.

P. 85. *Carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;*] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet-prison. We have never lost sight of him since his dismission from the King ; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment ; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye ; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away. JOH.

## KING HENRY V.

P. 5. —*the scambling and unquiet time*—] In the household book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland there is a particular section, appointing the order of service for the *scambling* days in Lent ; that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *scambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himself as well as he could. PERCY.

P. 9. *Convey'd himself as heir to Lady Lingare,*] It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the invasion and conquest of France, in prosecution of the dying advice of his father :

" ———to busy giddy minds
" In foreign quarrels ; that action, thence borne out,
" Might waste the memory of former days :"

that his subjects might have sufficient employment to mislead their attention from the nakedness of his title to the crown. The zeal and eloquence of the Archbishop are owing to similar motives. RITSON.

P. 44 —*I must speak with him from the pridge.*] Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls speaking to the king *from* the bridge. THEOBALD.

P. 59. ———*take from them now*
*The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers*] If the sense of reckoning, in consequence of the King's petition, was taken from them, the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable. When they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them. STE.

P. 59. *Two chantries,*] One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem ;* the other w

for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of *Sheen*, now called *Richmond*. MAL.

P. 62. *By Jove,*] The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen. JOH.

I believe the player-editors alone are answerable for this monstrous incongruity. In consequence of the Stat. 3 James I. c. xxi. against introducing the sacred name on the stage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verse, (where the metre would not allow omission,) they substituted some other word in its place. The author, I have not the least doubt, wrote here—By *heaven*,—— MAL.

## VOL. V.

### KING RICHARD III.

P. 60. *Baynard's Castle.*] A castle in Thames Street, which had belonged to Richard Duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward V. MAL.

P. 65. ——*loath'd bigamy:*] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A.D. 1274, adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edward I. was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. BLACKSTONE.

P. 73. *To Brecknock.*] To the Castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the Duke of Buckingham's estate lay. MAL.

P. 95. *That never slept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakspeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard, which Holinshed transcribed: "I have heard (says Sir Thomas) by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himself sure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike againe. *He tooke ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch; rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreames; sodainely sometime start up, leapt out of bed, and ran about the chamber;* so was his restless heart continually tost and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrances of his abominable deede."

With such a companion well might Anne say, that she never *slept one quiet hour.* MAL.

P. 100 —*the enemy is pass'd the marsh ;*] There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies : a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.

MAL.

P. 102. *Now civil wounds are stopp'd,*] Summary Account of the times and places of the several battles fought between the Houses of York and Lancaster.

1. Battle of Saint Albans, 23 May 1455, between Richard Plantagenet duke of York and king Henry VI. York victorious, Henry taken prisoner. Killed on the royal side, 5041 : on York's side 600. Total 5641.

2. Battle of Bloarheath in Shropshire, 30 September 1459, between James lord Audley on the part of king Henry, and Richard Nevil earl of Salisbury on the part of the duke of York. Lord Audley slain, and his army defeated. Killed 2411.

3. Battle of Northampton, 20 July 1460, between Edward Plantagenet, earl of March, eldest son of the duke of York, and Richard Nevil earl of Warwick on the one side, and king Henry on the other. Yorkists victorious. Killed 1035.

4. Battle of Wakefield, 30 December 1460, between Richard duke of York and queen Margaret. Duke of York slain, and his army defeated ; Richard Nevil earl of Salisbury taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. Killed 2801.

5. Battle of Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire, on Candlemasday 1460-1, between Edward duke of York on the one side, and Jasper earl of Pembroke and James Butler earl of Wiltshire on the other. Duke of York victorious. Killed 3800.

6. Second Battle of Saint Albans, 17 February 1460-1, between queen Margaret on the one side, and the duke of Norfolk and the earl of Warwick on the other. The queen victorious. Sir Richard Grey, a Lancastrian, slain, whose widow afterwards married king Edward IV. Killed 2303.

7. Action at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire, 28 March 1461, between lord Clifford on the part of king Henry, and lord Fitzwalter on the part of the duke of York. Lord Fitzwalter and John lord Clifford slain. Killed 230.

8. Battle of Towton four miles from York, Palm-sunday, 29 March, 1461, between Edward duke of York and king Henry. King Henry defeated. Henry Percy earl of Northumberland slain. Killed 37,046.

9. Battle of Hedgeley Moor in Northumberland, 29 April 1463, between John Nevil viscount Montague on the part of king Edward IV. and the lords Hungerford and Roos on the part of Henry VI. The Yorkists victorious. Killed 108.

10. Battle of Hexham, 15 May 1463, between viscount Montague and King Henry. The king defeated. Lords Roos and Hungerford taken prisoners, and afterwards beheaded. Killed 2024.

11. Battle of Hedgecote four miles from Banbury, 25 July 1469, between William Herbert earl of Pembroke on the part of king Edward, and the lords Fitzburg and Latimer and sir John Conyers on the part of king Henry. The Lancastrians defeated. Killed 5009.

12. Battle of Stamford in Lincolnshire, 1 Oct. 1469, between sir Robert Wells and king Edward; in which the former was defeated and taken prisoner. The vanquished who fled, in order to lighten themselves threw away their coats, whence the place of combat was called *Losecoatfield*. Killed 10,000.

14. Battle of Barnet, on Easter-sunday, 14 April, 1471, between king Edward on the one side, and the earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Montague, and the earl of Oxford on the part of King Henry. The Lancastrians defeated; the earl of Warwick and the marquis of Montague slain. Killed 10,300.

15. Battle of Tewksbury, 3 May 1471, between king Edward and queen Margaret. The queen defeated, and she and her son prince Edward taken prisoners. On the next day the prince was murdered by king Edward and his brothers. Killed 3,032. Shortly afterwards, in an action between the bastard son of lord Falconbridge and some Londoners, 1092 persons were killed.

16. Battle of Bosworth in Leicestershire, 22 August 1485, between king Richard III. and Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII. Richard defeated and slain. Killed on the part of Richard, 4,013; on the part of Richmond, 181.

The total number of persons who fell in the contest between the Houses of York and Lancaster was Ninety-one Thousand and Twenty-six. MAL.

## VOL. VI.

### KING HENRY VIII.

P. 11. *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*] So in King John:

"Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
"Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
"*Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs*,
"To make a hazard of new fortunes here."

Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merrily conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a manor of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court, saying, am not I a mighty man that bear an hundred houses on my backe?" MAL.

P. 23. —*Leave these remnants*

*Of fool, and feather*] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's Farewell to Folly, 1617: from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "—we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." STE.

The text may receive illustration from a passage in Nashe's Life of Iacke Wilton, 1594: "At that time [viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.] I was no common squire, no undertroden torch-bearer, *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had been pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of blacke cloth, ouerspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephantes eare;—and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*," &c. RITSON.

P. 24. —*My barge stays;*] The speaker is now in the King's palace at Bridewell, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall. MAL.

P. 28. —*a little heated.*] The King, on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him: and thereupon, went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and *perfumed* clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of *two hundred dishes*, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing until morning." Cavendish's Life of Wolsey. MAL.

P. 39. *You'd venture an emballing:*] You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOH.

The Old Lady's jocularity, I am afraid, carries her beyond the bounds of decorum; but her quibbling allusion is more easily comprehended than explained. RITSON.

P. 60. *To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,*] Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as Bishop of Winchester. Asher, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishoprick. MAL.

Fox, Bishop of Winchester, died Sept. 14, 1528, and Wolsey held this see *in commendam*. Esher therefore was his own house. REED.

P. 64. *Or gild again the noble troops that waited*
*Upon my smiles.*] The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, was one hundred and eighty. MAL.

P. 72. *Ipswich,*] "The foundation-stone of the College which the Cardinal founded in this place, was discovered a few years ago. It is now in the Chapter-house of Christ-Church, Oxford." Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished Persons, &c. 1795. STE.

P. 73. *—go to, kneel.*] Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as a *Queen*, but as *Princess Dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall, fol. 21[illegible]. Bishop Burnet says, all the women about her still called her Queen. Burnet, p. 162. REED.

P. 74 *This to my lord the king*] This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them

in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a years pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell." MAL.

The legal instrument for the divorce of Queen Katharine is still in being; and among the signatures to it is that of Polydore Virgil. STE.

P. 82. Chan. *Speak to the business,*] In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was Chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October, 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him Lord *Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. MAL.

## CORIOLANUS.

P. 30. —*in Galen*] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished Anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour. Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

—*empiricutick,*] The old copies—*empirickqutique*. "The most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiricutick*: an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empirique*, Fr.) a quack." RITSON.

# VOL. VII.

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

P. 29. —*though you bite so sharp at reasons, &c.*] Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were, I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry, in Much Ado about Nothing, plays upon the same words: "If Justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more *reasons* in her balance." And Falstaff says, "If *reasons* were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I." MAL.

P. 80. *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together.*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate

term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury* in all our old English writers. Hence, in King Lear, our author uses the word in this particular sense :

" To't, *Luxury*, pell-mell, for I want soldiers."

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness said to have a *potatoe finger ?*—This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotick, and esteemed a very strong provocative As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard, in his Herbal, 1597, p. 780 :

" This plant, which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*.—There is not any that hath written of this plant ;—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust, and that with great greediness.*"

Shakspeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes* in The Merry Wives of Windsor : " Let the sky rain potatoes, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes ; let *a tempest of provocation* come."

COLLINS.

P. 83 —*the dreadful spout,*
*Which shipmen do the hurricano call,*] A particular account of " a spout," is given in Captain John Smith's Sea Grammar, quarto, 1627 : " A *spout* is, as it were, a small river falling entirely from the clouds, like one of our waterspouts, which make the sea, where it falleth, to rebound in flashes exceeding high ; i. e. in the language of Shakspeare to *dizzy the ear of Neptune.* STE.

## VOL. VIII.

### KING LEAR.

P. 19. *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* Act IV. sc. i : " Though I *want* a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 137 : " Anselm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his bishoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

P. 26. *That can my speech diffuse,*] We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my*

*speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To *diffuse* speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it. STE.

P. 32. *Which they will make an obedient father.*] *Which*, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*. STE.

P. 34. *That these hot tears, &c.*] I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—" That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweep this cause again," &c. JOH.

P. 45. " *—and shall find time*
*From this enormous state,—seeking to give*
*Losses their remedies :*] I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight : it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for ; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STE.

P. 48. *Of Bedlam beggars,*] Randle Holme, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon, has the following passage descriptive of this class of vagabonds : " The *Bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side ; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous ; for, being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not ? to make him seem a mad-man, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave."

In The Bell-man of London, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is another account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man :* " ——he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose : you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poore Tom*,

*is a-cold.* Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines : some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe : others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the s ervants through feare to give them what they demand." STE.

P.52. *Corn. What trumpet's that ?*
*Reg. I know't, my sister's :*] Thus, in Othello :
"The Moor,—I know his trumpet."

It should seem from both these passages, and others that might be quoted, that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tune appropriately used by their own trumpeters. Cornwall knows not the present sound ; but to Regan, who had often heard her sister's trumpet, the first flourish of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to the ears of Iago. STE.

P. 87. *There's your press-money.*] It is evident from the whole of this speech, that Lear fancies himself in a battle : but, *There's your press-money* has not been properly explained. It means the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the King's service ; and it appears from some ancient statutes, and particularly 7 Henry VII. c. 1. and 3 Henry VIII. c. 5. that it was felony in any soldier to withdraw himself from the King's service after receipt of this money, without special leave. On the contrary, he was obliged at all times to hold himself *in readiness.* The term is from the French "prest," *ready.* It is written *prest* in King Henry VIIth's Book of household expences still preserved in the Exchequer. This may serve also to explain the following passage in Act V. sc. ii : "And turn our *imprest* lances in our eyes ;" and in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. i : "Why such *impress* of shipwrights ?" DOUCE.

P. 89. —*This a good block ?*] Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat* and keep turning it and feeling it in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times, (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment. *Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.—See Much Ado about Nothing : "He wears his faith but as the fashion of his *hat* ; it changes with the next *block*." STE.

## HAMLET.

P. 7. —*as, by the same co-mart,*] *Co-mart* is, I suppose, a *joint bargain,* a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. A *mart* signifying a great fair or market, he would not have scrupled to have written—*to mart,* in the sense of *to make a bargain.* In the preceding speech we find *mart* used for bargain or purchase.
MAL.

P. 37. *And all we mourn for.*] The ridicule of this character is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done; when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find

"Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
"Within the centre."
WARB.

P. 42. ——*an aiery of children, &c.*] Relating to play houses then contending, the Bankside, the Fortune, &c. played by the children of his majesty's chapel. POPE.

It relates to the young singing men of the chapel royal, or St. Paul's, of the former of whom perhaps the earliest mention occurs in an anonymous puritanical pamphlet, 1569, entitled The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt: "Plaies will neuer be supprest, while her maiesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish seruice in the deuil's garments," &c.—Again, ibid: "Euen in her maiesties chapel do these pretty upstart youthes profane the Lordes day by the lasciuious writhing of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets," &c. STE.

P. 50. *To be, or not to be,*] Of this celebrated soliloquy, which bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of desires and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes, is connected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his tongue, I shall endeavour to discover the train, and to show how one sentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himself injured in the most enormous and atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such as must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his situation in this manner: Before I can form any rational scheme of action under this pressure of distress, it

is necessary to decide, whether, *after our present state, we are* to be, or not to be. That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, will determine, *whether 'tis nobler*, and more suitable to the dignity of reason, *to suffer the outrages of fortune* patiently, or to take arms against *them*, and by opposing end them, *though perhaps* with the loss of life. If *to die*, were *to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to end* the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were *devoutly to be wished;* but if *to sleep* in death, be *to dream*, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must *pause*, to consider, *in that sleep of death what dreams may come.* This consideration *makes calamity* so long endured; *for who would bear* the vexations of life, which might be ended *by a bare bodkin*, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which, by turning the mind upon *this regard*, chills the ardour of *resolution*, checks the vigour of *enterprize*, and makes the *current* of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia. JOH.

Dr. Johnson's explication of the first five lines of this passage is surely wrong. Hamlet is not deliberating whether after our present state we are to exist or not, but whether he should continue to live, or put an end to his life: as is pointed out by the second and the three following lines, which are manifestly a paraphrase on the first: "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, &c. or to take arms." The question concerning our existence in a future state is not considered till the tenth line:—"To sleep! perchance, to *dream;*" &c. MAL.

P. 57. ——*The dumb show follows,*] and appears to contain every circumstance of the murder of Hamlet's father. Now there is no apparent reason why the Usurper should not be as much affected by this mute representation of his crimes, as he is afterwards when the same action is accompanied by words.

I once conceived this might have been a kind of direction to the players, which was from mistake inserted in the editions; but the subsequent conversation between Hamlet and Ophelia, entirely destroys such a notion. PYE.

I cannot reconcile myself to the exhibition in dumb show, preceding the interlude, which is injudiciously introduced by the author, and should always be omitted on the stage; as we cannot well conceive why the mute representation of his crime should not affect as much the conscience of the King, as the scene that follows it. M. MASON.

P. 81. ——*the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This is a common story amongst the vulgar in Gloucestershire, and is thus related: "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour for her wickedness to transform her into that bird." This story is often related to children, in order to deter them from such illiberal behaviour to poor people. DOUCE.

P. 82. *Like to a murdering piece,*] The small cannon, which are, or were used in the forecastle, half-deck, or steerage of a ship of war, were within this century, called *murdering-pieces.* MAL.

Perhaps what is now, from the manner of it, called a *swivel.* It is mentioned in Sir T. Roes Voiage to the E. Indies, at the end of Della Valle's Travels, 1665: "—the East India company had a very little pinnace...mann'd she was with ten men, and had only one small *murdering-piece* within her." Probably, it was never charged with a single ball, but always with shot, pieces of old iron, &c. RITSON.

P. 84. *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;—and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.*] *Pansies* is for *thoughts;* because of its name, *Pensees*; but why *rosemary* indicates *remembrance,* except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not discovered. JOH.

*Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. STE.

P. 85. *There's fennel for you, and columbines:*] Greene, in his Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1620, calls *fennel, women's weeds:* "fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens, they wish wantonly." STE.

Columbine was an emblem of cuckoldom on account of the horns of its nectaria, which are remarkable in this plant.

It was also emblematical of forsaken lovers. WHITE.

Ophelia gives her fennel and columbines to the king. MAL.

P. 85. ——*there's rue for you;*] Ophelia means, I think, that the Queen may with peculiar propriety on [illegible]

when she solicits pardon for that crime which she has so much occasion to *rue* and repent of, call her rue, *herb of grace.*

Ophelia, after having given the Queen *rue* to remind her of the *sorrow* and *contrition* she ought to feel for her incestuous marriage, tells her, she may wear it with a *difference*, to distinguish it from that worn by Ophelia herself; because her tears flowed from the loss of a father, those of the Queen ought to flow for her guilt. MAL.

P. 85. *There's a daisy :*] Greene, in his Quip for an Upstart Courtier, has explained the significance of this flower: "—Next them grew the *dissembling daisie*, to warne such light-of-love wenches not to trust every faire promise that such amorous bachelors make them." HENLEY.

The violet is thus characterized in an old collection of Sonnets :

> "*Violet* is for *faithfulnesse*,
> "Which in me shall abide ;
> "Hoping likewise that from your heart
> "You will not let it slide." MAL.

P. 94. ——*to play at loggats with them ?*] This is a game played in several parts of England even at this time. A stake is fixed into the ground ; those who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is nearest the stake, wins : I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep-shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards presented to the farmer's maid to spin for the purpose of making a petticoat, and on condition that she knelt down on the fleece to be kissed by all the rusticks present. STE.

A *loggat*-ground, like a skittle-ground, is strewed with ashes, but is more extensive. A bowl much larger than the jack of the game of bowls is thrown first. The pins, which I believe are called *loggats*, are much thinner, and lighter at one extremity than the other. The bowl being first thrown, the players take the pins up by the thinner and lighter end, and fling them towards the bowl, and in such a manner that the pins may once turn round in the air, and slide with the thinner extremity foremost towards the bowl. The pins are about one or two and twenty inches long. BLOUNT.

P. 95. ——*the age is grown so picked,*] So *smart*, so *sharp*, says Sir T. Hanmer, very properly ; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked* shoe, that is, *a shoe with a long pointed toe*, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewise to be made. *Every man now is smart ; and every man now is a man of fashion.* JOH.

This fashion of wearing shoes with long pointed toes was carried to such excess in England, that it was restrained at last by proclamation so long ago as the fifth year of Edward IV. when it was ordered, "that the beaks or pykes of shoes and boots should not pass two inches, upon pain of cursing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings, to be paid, one noble to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London :—and for other countries and townes the like order was taken.—Before this time, and since the year 1482, the pykes of shoes and boots were of such length, that they were fain to be tied up to the knee with chains of silver, and gilt, or at least silken laces." STE.

P. 100. ——*mutines in the bilboes.*] The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakspeare's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind *there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep* Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are still shown in the Tower of London, among the other spoils of the Spanish Armada. STE.

P. 111. *And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !*] Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the strength of which Horatio founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghost, undertakes with seeming alacrity to revenge the murder ; and declares he will banish all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he mistakes Polonius for the king. On another occasion, he defers his purpose till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is least prepared for death, that he may insure damnation to his soul. Though he assassinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his school-fellows, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who appear not, from any circumstances in this play, to have been acquainted with the treacherous purposes of the mandate they were employed to carry. To embitter their fate, and hazard their punishment beyond the grave, he denies them even the few moments necessary for a brief confession of their sins. Their end (as he declares in a subsequent conversation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtru-

ded themselves into the service, and he thought he had a right to destroy them. From his brutal conduct toward Ophelia, he is not less accountable for her distraction and death. He interrupts the funeral designed in honour of this lady, at which both the King and Queen were present; and, by such an outrage to decency, renders it still more necessary for the usurper to lay a second stratagem for his life, though the first had proved abortive. He insults the brother of the dead, and boasts of an affection for his sister, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time must be considered as desirous of supporting the character of a madman, so that the openness of his confession is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the absurdity of this behaviour, to which, he says, he was provoked by that nobleness of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr Johnson has observed, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himself of a dishonest fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the most careless spectator or reader, that he kills the King at last to revenge himself, and not his father.

The late Dr. Akenside once observed to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefensible, unless he were to be regarded as a young man whose intellects were in some degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loss of expected sovereignty, and a sense of shame resulting from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother. STE.

Some of the charges here brought against Hamlet, appear to me questionable at least, if not unfounded. In the novel on which this play is constructed, the ministers who by the king's order accompanied the young prince to England, and carried with them a packet in which his death was concerted, were apprized of its contents; and therefore we may *presume* that Shakspeare meant to describe their representatives, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as equally criminal; as combining with the King to deprive Hamlet of his life. His procuring their execution therefore does not with certainty appear to have been unprovoked cruelty, and *might* have been considered by him as necessary to his *future safety;* knowing, as he must have known, that they had devoted themselves to the service of the King in whatever he should command.

I do not perceive that he is accountable for the madness of Ophelia. He did not mean to kill her father, when concealed behind the arras, but the King; and still less did he intend to deprive her of her reason and her life: her subse-

quent distraction therefore can no otherwise be laid to his charge, than as an unforeseen consequence from his too ardently pursuing the object recommended to him by his father.

He appears to have been induced to leap into Ophelia's grave, not with a design to insult Laertes, but from his love to her, (which then he had no reason to conceal,) and from the *bravery of her brother's grief*, which excited him (not to condemn that brother, as has been stated, but) to *vie* with him in the expression of affection and sorrow.

When Hamlet says, "the bravery of his grief did put me into a *towering passion*," I think, he means, into a lofty expression (not of *resentment*, but) of *sorrow*.

I may also add, that he neither assaulted nor insulted Laertes, till that nobleman had cursed him, and seized him by the throat. MAL.

## OTHELLO.

P.5. *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*] That Cassio was married is not sufficiently implied in these words, since they mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man 'very near being married.' This seems to have been the case in respect of Cassio.—Act IV. sc. i, Iago speaking to him of Bianca, says—"Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her." Cassio acknowledges that such a report had been raised, and adds, "This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and self-flattery, not out of my promise." Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo. If Shakspeare, however, designed Bianca for a courtezan of Cyprus, (where Cassio had not yet been, and had therefore never seen her,) Iago cannot be supposed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and consequently this part of my argument must fall to the ground.

Had Shakspeare, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him say that Cassio was "actually damn'd in being married to a handsome woman," he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damned*, because he is not *absolutely married*. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character. STE.

P. 10. *As double as the duke's*] The *double* voice of Brabantio refers to the opinion, which (as being a *magnifico*, he was in

less entitled to, than the duke himself,) *either*, of nullifying the marriage of his daughter, contracted without his consent; *or*, of subjecting Othello to fine and imprisonment, for having seduced an heiress. HENLEY.

P. 17. *Wherein of antres vast*, &c.] Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOH.

P. 17. *Of the cannibals that each other eat*,] These lines have been considered by Pope, and others, as the interpolation of the players, or at least vulgar trash, which Shakspeare admitted merely to humour the lower part of his audience. But the case was probably the very reverse, and the poet rather meant to recommend his play to the more curious and refined among his auditors, by alluding here to some of the most extraordinary passages in Sir Walter Raleigh's celebrated voyage to Guiana, performed in 1595: in which nothing excited more universal attention, than the accounts which he brought from the new world of the cannibals, Amazons, and especially of the nation

" ——————whose heads
" Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Hear his own solemn relation: "Next unto the Arvi" [a river, which he says falls into the Orenoque or Oronoko] "are two rivers, Atoica and Caora; and on that branch, which is called Caora, are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which though it may be thought a mere fable, *yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true*, because every childe in the province of Arromia and Canuri affirme the same: they are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backward betweene their shoulders," &c.

As for the Anthropophagi, or cannibals "that each other eat," the same celebrated voyager tells us: "At one of the outlets of the Orenoque, we left on the right hand of us a nation of inhumaine canibals," [p. 659.] And in the second voyage to Guiana, in 1596, published also by Sir Walter, one of the nations, called Ipaios, are thus described: "They are but few, but very cruel to their enemies; for they bind, and eat them alive peecemeale.—These Indians, because they eate them whom they kill, use no poyson." P.

P. 19. *That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.*] Shakspeare was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon; so that very often the reader who has not the same continuity or succession of ideas, is at a loss for its meaning. Many of Shakspeare's uncouth strained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occurred to the poet was this:

"The *troubled* heart was never cured by words."

To give it poetical force he altered the phrase:

"The wounded heart was never reached through the ear."

*Wounded* heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruised*, as a more common expression. *Reached* he altered to *touched*, and the transition is then easy to *pierced*, i.e. thoroughly *touched*.

Sir J. Reynolds.

P. 43. *A Florentine more kind and honest*] In consequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a Venetian, is proved by a speech in the third scene of Act III, and by what he says in Act V, after having stabbed Roderigo. Mal.

P. 66. *Have you scored me?*] To *score* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance. But it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. "Let us *score* their backs," says Scarus, in Antony and Cleopatra; and it is employed in the same sense on the present occasion.

Ste.

P. 83. *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—*] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this:—I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but "it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause." Joh.

P. 83. *This sorrow's heavenly*] Perhaps the poet would not have retained both these images, had he published the play himself, though in the hurry of composition he threw them both upon paper. The first seems adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile, the second from a passage in the scripture. Ste.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." M. Mason.

P. 90. —*the ice-brook's temper*] The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passage in Martial. It was undoubtedly the brook or rivulet called Salo (now Xalon,) near Bilbilis in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the icy quality of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper:

"Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
"Et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,
"Quam *fluctu tenui* sed inquieto
"*Armorum Salo temperator* ambit." STE.

P. 90. *O ill-starr'd wench!*] Wench originally signified only a young woman The word is used without any dishonourable meaning in the Bible: "Now Jonathan and Ahimaaz stayed by En-rogel; (for they might not be seen to come into the city:) and a *wench* went and told them; and they went and told king David." 2 Sam. xvii. 17. STE.

P 92. *Like the base Judean* ] I am satisfied that Shakspeare is here alluding to Herod, who in a fit of blind jealousy threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne. The story was likewise very obvious, for, in the year 1613 the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry. THEO.

By the Judean is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In Troilus and Cressida, a lover says of his mistress—

"Why, she's a pearl, whose price," &c. WARB.

I cannot join with the learned critics in conceiving this passage to refer to the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jephthah and his daughter Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a thing of value, with some circumstances of the meanest villainy, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used for low or mean. The crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the furiis agitatus amor, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it: as there was spirit at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with petty larceny than royal guilt. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact

into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, the following tale; though at present I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name:

"A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the 'change among the merchants, and, one alone excepted, disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shown at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificoes, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all."

Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scattered remains of that vindictive nation. STE.

Shakspeare seems to allude to Herod in the play of Mariamne:

"I had but one inestimable *jewel*——
"Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,
"And dasht it all to pieces." FARMER.

---

"IN regard to errata, it has been customary with not a few authors to acknowledge small mistakes, that they might escape the suspicion of greater, or perhaps to intimate that no greater could be detected. Both little and great (and doubtless there may be the usual proportion of both) are here exposed (with very few exceptions) to the candour and perspicacity of the reader, who needs not to be told that in fifteen volumes octavo, of intricate and variegated printing, gone through in the space of about twenty months, the most vigilant eyes must occasionally have been overwatched, and the readiest knowledge intercepted. The sight of the editors, indeed, was too much fatigued to encourage their engagement in so laborious a revision; and they are likewise convinced that substitutes

not always qualified for their task; but instead of pointing out real mistakes, would have supposed the existence of such as were merely founded on their own want of acquaintance with the peculiarities of ancient spelling and language; for even modern poetry has sometimes been in danger from the chances of their superintendance. He whose business it is to offer this unusual apology, very well remembers to have been sitting with Dr. Johnson, when an agent from a neighbouring press brought in the proof sheet of a republication, requesting to know whether a particular word in it was not corrupted. 'So far from it, Sir, (replied the Doctor, with some harshness,) that the word you suspect, and would displace, is conspicuously beautiful where it stands, and is the only one that could have done the duty expected from it by Mr. Pope.'

"These circumstances might be exemplified; but the subject is scarcely of consequence enough to be more than generally stated to the reader, whose indulgence is again solicited on account of blemishes which in the course of an undertaking like this are unavoidable, and could not, at its conclusion, have been remedied but by the hazard of more extensive mischief;—an indulgence, indeed, that will more readily be granted, and especially for the sake of the compositors, when it is understood, that, on an average, every page of the present work, including spaces, quadrats, points, and letters, is (to speak technically) composed of 2680 distinct pieces of metal, the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder."

The above is extracted from the Advertisement prefixed to the London edition of 1793, the first by Dr. Reed. While it shows that errors will escape in a work reputed the most correct, and which had careful compositors, proof-readers, and editors, with revision upon revision, it may be some apology for the printers of the present edition, if theirs is not altogether perfect. Though many errors doubtless have passed, we believe they are confined to literals, and venture to say that few, if any, *whole* words vary from the text we followed, which is Dr. Reed's third and last edition, in 21 vols. 8vo.

We cannot refrain acknowledging the obligation we are under to WILLIAM S. SHAW, esq of this town, who loaned us the copy, when none was to be purchased, and whose zeal in forwarding all literary pursuits is equalled by few in this country.

BOSTON PUBLISHERS.

# SHAKSPEARE'S POEMS.

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# VENUS AND ADONIS.

Villia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

*Ovid, Amor.* l. 1. *el.* 15.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

*Right Honourable,*

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, or how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden, only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content, which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

*Your honour's in all duty,*

WILL. SHAKSPEARE.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun, with purple-coloured face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase:
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
  Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
  And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice-fairer than myself! (thus she began)
The field's sweet flower! sweet above compare!
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
More white and red than doves or roses are!
  Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
  Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder! to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
  Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
  And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loaded satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty;
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
  A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
  Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion calls it balm ;
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.
  Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
  Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
  She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
  He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle, on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens ; (O, how quick is love !)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove.
  Backward she push'd him, as she would be thru
  And govern'd him in strength, though not in lus

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frow
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips :
  And kissing speaks, with lustful language brok
  If thou wilt chide thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame ; she, with her tear
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks,
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
  He says she is immodest, blames her miss ;
  What follows more she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff't or prey be gone :
  Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin
  And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to consent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face ;
She feedeth on the stream as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture ; air of grace !

Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies :
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret ;
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still he is sullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and angry ashy pale,
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
Her breast is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears ;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Live a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger, in summer's heat,
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn ;
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn.
O pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy !
'Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar ;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shall have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,

And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
  Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
  Making my arms his field, his tent my bed,

Thus he that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain :
Strong temper'd steel, his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
  O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
  For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight !

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Tho' mine be not so fair, yet they are red)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine ;
What seest thou on the ground ? hold up thy head :
  Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies ;
  Then why not lips on lips since eyes on eyes ?

Art thou asham'd to kiss ? Then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night ;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain ;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.
  These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
  Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe, yet may'st thou well be tasted ;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
Beauty within itself would not be wasted,
  Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
  Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard favour'd, foul, or wrinkled, old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh of voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
  Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee ;
  But, having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning ;
My beauty, as the spring doth yearly grow ;
My flesh as soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
  My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt ;
  Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green ;
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen ;
  Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
  Not gross to sink, but light and will aspire.

Witness this primrose-bank whereon I lie,
The forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me :
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
  Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
  That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee ?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
  Narcissus so himself, himself forsook,
  And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauties for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :[1]
  Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;
  Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead :
  And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
  In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them :
  Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
  So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,

[1] Alluding to twinned cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into each other. STEEVENS.

His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie, no more of love,
The sun doth burn my face, I must remove!

Ah me! (quoth Venus) young, and so unkind:
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone?
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
If they bûrn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between the sun and thee!
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And, were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heav'nly and this earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth,
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
O! had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?[a]
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit!
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair: but speak fair words or else be mute.
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead;
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience choaks her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:

[a] Contemptuously refuse me this favour. MALONE.

And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand ;
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound :
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer,
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale.
Graze on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain.
Then be my deer, since I am such a park,
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die ;

These loving caves, these round enchanted pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus liking :
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ;
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee with scorn.

Now which way shall she turn ? What shall she say ?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing :
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
Pity, she cries, some favour, some remorse !
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo! from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being ty'd unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest,[3] now stands an end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who would say, Lo! thus my strength is try'd,
And thus I do to captivate the eye,
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his Stand I say?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when a painter who'd surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art, with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did his horse exceed a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostrils wide,

[3] *Compass'd* is *arch'd*. A compass'd ceiling is a phrase yet in use.
MALONE.

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind abase he now prepares,[4]
And where he run, or fly, they know not whither,
For thro' his main and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, which heave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her,
She answers him, as if she knew his mind ;
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent ;
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goes about to take him,
When lo ! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows, that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast.[5]
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick *Love* by pleading may be blest.
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;

[4] *Base* is a rustic game, properly *prison-bars*. MALONE.
[5] *Banning*, cursing. So in Richard III. "Fell *banning* hag." STEEV.

But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind;
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels;
His tender cheeks receive her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them,
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing;
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain,[6]
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster hand,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe!
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of our thoughts began;
O fairest mover on this mortal round!
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look my help I would assure thee,
Tho' nothing but my body's bane would cure thee:

[6] From the present passage, I think it probable that this first production of our author's muse was not composed till after he had left Stratford, and became acquainted with the theatre. MALONE.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it ?
Give me my heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.
O ! give it me lest thy hard heart do steel it ?
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it ;
  Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
  Because Adonis' heart had made mine hard.

For shame ! he cries, let go, and let me go,
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so :
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
  For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
  Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies : Thy palfrey as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire ;
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
Else suffer'd it will set the heart on fire.
  The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
  Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood ty'd to a tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
  Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
  Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight ?
  Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
  To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy ;
Tho' I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee ;
  O ! learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
  And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;

'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry.
For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry.

What! canst thou talk? (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?
O! would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing.
Melodious discord! heavenly tune harsh-sounding!
Earth's deep sweet music! and heart's deep sore-wounding!

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty, and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part of me that were but sensible.
Tho' neither eyes nor ears to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

Say that the sense of reason were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillatory of thy face excelling;
Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by smelling.

But, O! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four.
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid suspicion double lock the door;[7]

[7] A bolder or happier personificaion than this will not readily be pointed out in any of our author's plays. MALONE.

Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws[8] to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For sharply did he think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her;
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath breath'd life into her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt, that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
Would never rise, so he would kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

[8] Foul flaws, i. e. violent blasts of wind. STEEVENS.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine;
Were never four such lamps together mix'd
Had not his clouded, with his brows' repine.
But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

O! where am I? (quoth she) in earth, or heaven?
Or in the ocean drench'd! or in the fire!
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy:
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O! thou did'st kill me, kill me once again;
Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Has taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers having writ on death
May say the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips! sweet seals! in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make still to be sealing?
To sell myself, I can be well contented;
So thou wilt buy and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,[9]
Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure one by one;
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone!
Say for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,[1]

[9] *Slips*, i. e. counterfeit money. STEEVENS.

[1] Strangeness, i. e. bashfulness. MALONE.

Before I know myself, seek not to know me,
No fisher but the ungrown fly forbears ;
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look the world's comforter with weary gait
His day's hot task hath ended in the west !
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
The coal black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good-night.

Now let me say good-night, and so say you ;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good-night, (quoth she) and ere he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tend'red is.
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace,
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face,

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought :
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth :
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the prize so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wreck.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling ;

He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth:

What wax so frozen,[2] but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave[3] exceeds commission.
Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over!
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd;
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover,
What tho' the rose have pricks, yet it is pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks thro' and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him,
The poor fool prays her that he may depart,
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence engaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch;
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, No: to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter;
All is imaginary, she doth prove,
He will not manage her, altho' he mount her:
That worse than Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

[2] It was the custom formerly to seal with soft wax, which was *tempered* between the fingers before the impression was made. MALONE.
[3] *Leave*; i. e. licentiousness. STEEVENS.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,[1]
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw ;
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds, that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be,
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee :
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd !
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go ;
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst been gone (quoth she) sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar ;
O ! be advis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher,[2] bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes :
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret,
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes :
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way ;
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawny sides with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd,
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture ;
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

Alas ! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which love's eye pays tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hand, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
But having thee at 'vantage (wondrous dread !)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

[1] Our author alludes to the celebrated picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny, in which some grapes were so well represented, that birds alighted on them to peck at them. MALONE.

[2] Mortal for deadly. So in Othello :
"And you, ye mortal engines," &c. MALONE.

O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still [3]
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends;
Come not with his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face! Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, Kill, Kill; [4]
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This sour informer, this hate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I lov'd thee, I thy death should fear.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make 'em drop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed?
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination.
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare;

[3] *Cabin*, in the age of Q. Elizabeth signified a small mean dwelling-place, and was much in use. The term still is used universally through Ireland, where the word *cottage* is scarcely ever employed. MALONE.

[4] These were the words, I think, formerly uttered when orders were issued to an army for a general slaughter. MALONE.

Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty ;
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
  Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
  And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.[6]
  The many umsets[7] through the which he goes,
  Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes ;

Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell ;
And sometime, where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
  And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer :[8]
  Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot-scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled,
With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out,
  Then do they spend there mouths ; Echo replies,
  As if another chace were in the skies.

By this poor Wat far off, upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,
  And now his grief may be compared well
  To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
  For misery is trodden on by many ;
  And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more,
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself, thou hear'st me moralize,

[6] He *cranks*; i. e. he winds. So, in Henry IV. Part I :
" See how this river comes me *cranking* in. MALONE.

[7] Read *musits*. A *muset* is a gap in a hedge, through which the hare goes. STEEVENS.

[8] *Sorteth*, consorts with. *Sort* a troop, or company.

Applying this to that, and so to so,
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent. Why what of that? (quoth she.)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O! then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make rich men thieves, so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shrine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven, that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;[9]
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances and much misery.

As burning fever, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies woad,[1]
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's sight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snows melt with the mid-day sun.

[9] This word is derived from *defaire*, Fr. to *undo*. So, in Comedy of Errors:—"Strange defeatures in my face." STEEVENS.

[1] Read *wood*, which in old language signifies *frantic*.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
  Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,
  Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity ?
  If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
  Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself, thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher's sire that reaves his son of life.
  Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets !
  But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon', you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme ;
The kiss I gave you was bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream :
  For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
  Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love hath lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs ;
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown :
  For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
  And will not let a false sound enter there :

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bed-chamber to be barr'd of rest,
  No, lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
  But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove ?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
  You do it for increase ; O strange excuse !
  When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame:
  Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
  As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after rain;
But lust's effect is tempest after sun:
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;[2]
  Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
  Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green:
Therefore in sadness now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:[3]
  Mine ears, that to your wanton calls attended,
  Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms, which bound him to her breast:
And homeward through the dark lanes runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
  Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
  So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
  So did the merciless and pitchy night,
  Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood;
Or 'stonish'd, as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood:
  Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
  Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

[2] *Done*, was formerly used instead of wasted, consumed. In the west of England it still retains the same meaning. MALONE.

[3] *Teen*, i. e. sorrow.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.
  Ah, me ! she cries, and twenty times, woe ! woe !
  And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote ;
How love is wise in folly, foolish witty ;
  Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe !
  And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short ;
If pleas'd themselves, others they think delight
In such-like circumstance with such-like sport.
  Their copious stories oftentimes begun,
  End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites ?
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.
  She said, 'tis so ; they answer'd all, 'tis so.
  And would say after her if she said no.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
  Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
  The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow ;
O thou clear god, and patron of all light !
From whom each lamp and shining star both borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright ;
  There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
  May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasted to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn ;

And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn ;
  Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
  And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
  Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
  Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ;
  Ev'n so the timorous yelping of the hounds,
  Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chace,
But the blunt bear, rough boar, or lion proud ;
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud ;
  Finding their enemy to be so curst,
  They all strain curt'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;
Who overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part ;
  Like soldiers when their captain once doth yield,
  They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasy,[4]
Till cheering up her senses sore dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
  Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more ;
  And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar,

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.

[4] Extasy, anciently signified any violent perturbation of mind.
MALONE.

This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the paths that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is marred with delays ;
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respect, yet not at all respecting ;[5]
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake, she finds an hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaister :
And here she meets another sadly scolding,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look ! how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon, with fearful eyes, they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
So she, at these sad signs, draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

If he be dead, O no ! it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it.
O ! yes it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

[5] Full of circumspection and wise consideration. This is one of our author's nice observations. No one affects more wisdom than a drunken man. MALONE.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
  Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
  And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes, that taught all other eyes to see?
  Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
  Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, which like sluices stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair,
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd.
  But thro' the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
  And with his strong course opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eyes;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow;
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry.
  But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain;
  Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief.
  But none is best, then join they all together,
  Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off, she hears some huntsman hollow:
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well.
The dire imagination she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
  For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
  And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass:
Yet sometime falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
  To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
  Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O, hard believing love ! how strange it seems
Not to believe ! and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous !
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought,
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame :
It was not she that call'd him all to nought,
Now she adds honour to his hateful name ;
She 'clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings
Imperial supreme of mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet death I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe.
Then, gentle shadow, truth I must confess,
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault ; the boar provok'd my tongue :
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander !
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash respect she doth extenuate :[6]
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate ;[7]
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove ! quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
For he, being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

[6] Read *suspect*, i. e. suspicion.

[7] To *insinuate* meant formerly to sooth, to flatter : To *insinuate with* was the phraseology of the poet's time. MALONE.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
  Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
  Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight.
  Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
  Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
  So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
  Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they resign'd their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
  Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
  By their suggestions gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's minds confound.
  This mutiny each part doth so surprize,
  That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes,

And being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd[8]
In his soft flank: whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd;
  No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
  But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

[8] *Trench'd* is *cut*. Trancher, Fr. MALONE.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
  Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
  Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon this hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling, makes the wound seem three ;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
  His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
  For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet (quoth she) behold two Adons dead !
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead ;
  Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
  So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world ! what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
Whose tongue is music now ? What canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ;
  The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
  But true sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear ;
Nor sun, nor wind, will ever strive to kiss you ;
Having no fair to lose you need not fear ;[5]
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.
  But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
  Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then would Adonis weep ;
  And straight in pity of his tender years,
  They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walks along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him ;

[5] *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive in the sense of *beauty*. It appears from the corresponding rhyme, and the jingle in the present line, that the word *fear* was pronounced in the time of Shakspeare, as if it were written *fare*. MALONE.

To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tyger would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in a brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some others in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave,
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was Adonis slain,
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there:
And nousling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unawares his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him, I should have kill'd him first.
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My mouth with his; the more am I accurs'd.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness lies.

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.

Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally to high or low;
That all love's pleasures shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
And shall be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile,
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;[2]
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust:
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just:
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith, in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their love shall not enjoy.

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

[2] Tread the measures, i. e. to dance. MALONE.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath:
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death;
  She crops the stalk, and in the branch appears
  Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower! (quoth she) this was thy father's guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himself was his desire,
  And so 'tis thine; but know it is as good
  To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here is my breast,
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right;
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;
  There shall not be one minute of an hour,
  Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flow'r.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
  Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
  Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

*Venus and Adonis.*—This poem is declared by the author himself to have been his first composition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, April 18, 1593, and again by Harrison, sen. June 23, 1594.

# TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

*Right Honourable,*

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of you honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, make it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty should show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship: to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILL. SHAKSPEARE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, surnamed Superbus from his excessive pride, after he had caused his father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the throne and kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons, and other noblemen of Rome to besiege Ardea; during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucrece. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome, intending by their secret and sudden arrival to make trial of that, which every one had before avouched: only Colatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his state, royally entertained, and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he, treacherously stealing into her chamber, violently ravished her; and early in the morning speeded away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatched messengers, one to Rome, for her father, another to the camp for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in a mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and the whole matter of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed; to which he added a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed, from kings to consuls.

# TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

FROM the besieg'd Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathing Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Colatium bears the lightless fire,
Which in pale embers hid lurks to aspire,
  And girdle with embracing flames the waist
  Of Colatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste, unhaply set
This baitless edge on his keen appetite :
When Colatine unwisely did not let,[1]
To praise the clear unmatched red and white,
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight :
  Where mortal star, as bright as heaven's beauties
  With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
What prizeless wealth the heavens had him lent,
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
Reck'ning his fortune at so high a rate,
  That kings might be espoused to more fame,
  But king nor prince to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done !
As is the morning's silver melting dew,
Against the golden splendour of the sun ;
A date expir'd and cancell'd ere begun.
  Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,
  Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

[1] Did not forbear. MALONE.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator ;
What needed then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is not singular ?
Or why is Colatine the publisher
  Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
  From thievish cares, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sov'reignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king ;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
Perchance, that envy of so rich a thing
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
  His high pitcht thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt,
  The golden-hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too timeless speed, if none of those.
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal, which in his liver glows.[2]
  O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold !
  Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Colatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd,
Which of them both should underprop her fame.
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
  When beauty boasted blushes, in despite,
  Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Her silver cheeks, and call'd it then her shield ;
  Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
  When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white ;
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right ;
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight :

[2] The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love. MALONE

The sov'reignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloses,
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To these two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph o'er so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.
Therefore that praise, which Colatine doth owe,[3]
Inchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspected the false worshipper.
" For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream of evil,
" Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes fear :"
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm exprest.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty,
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometimes too much wonder of his eye :
Which having all, all could not satisfy ;
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle shining secresies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books,
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight
More, than his eyes were open'd to the light.

[3] *Praise* here signifies the object of praise ; i. e. Lucretia. To *owe*, in old language, signifies to possess. MALONE.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Colatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
*With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.*
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heav'n for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there ;
No cloudy show of stormy blust'ring weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear,
Till sable night, sad source of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness[4] with heavy sprite ;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Tho' weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining ;
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Tho' death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are of gain so fond,
That oft they have not that which they possess ;
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or gaining more the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor, rich gain.

The aim of all, is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease in waning age ;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;

[4] *Intending* is here for pretending.

As life for honour, in fell battle's rage,
  Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
  The death of all and altogether lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have; so then we do neglect
  The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
  Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doating Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself, himself he must forsake;
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
  When he himself, himself confounds, betrays
  To sland'rous tongues the wretched hateful lays?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls, and wolves' death-boding cries!
Now serves the season, that they may surprize
  The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
  While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
Is madly tost between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
  Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,[4]
  Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His fauchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be load-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly;
  "As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
  "So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprize;

[4] That is, *Fear* betakes himself to flight. MALONE.

And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her, whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness, that which is divine.
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine;
Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my houshold's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have,
Then my digression[5] is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yes, tho' I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat:
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive[6]
To cypher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape, who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

If Colatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege, that hath ingirt his marriage,

[5] Digression; i.e. deviation from virtue. MALONE.
[6] In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished who "discourteously used a *widow, maid,* or *wife,* against her will." There were likewise formerly marks of disgrace for him that revoked a challenge, or went from his word; for him who fled from his colours, &c. MALONE.

This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
  This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
  Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed!
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake!
Mine eyes forget their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,
  And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
  But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Colatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life;
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or 'quital of such strife:
  But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
  The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is, if once the fact be known;
Hateful it is, there is no hate in loving.
I'll beg her love, but it is not her own;
The worst is but denial and reproving;
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
  Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
  Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation,
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will;
And with good thoughts make dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for 'vantage still,
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
  All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
  That what is vile shews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some bad news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Colatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
  First, red as roses, that on lawn we lay,
  Then white as lawn the roses took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear,

Which strook her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
  That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
  Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleads.
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart, that shadows dreads.
Affection is my captain, and he leads;
  And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
  The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age![7]
My heart shall never countermand mine eye,
Sad pause[8] and deep regard beseem the sage;
My part is youth, and beats them from the stage.[9]
  Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
  Then who fears sinking, where such treasure lies.

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost cloak'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals, with open, list'ning ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
  So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
  That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Colatine.
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
  But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
  Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain so their pride doth grow,

[7] *Respect* means cautious prudence, weighing all consequences. MAL.
[8] *Sad* formerly signified grave; *deep regard* is profound meditation or consideration. MALONE.
[9] The poet seems to have had the conflicts between the devil and the *vice* of the old moralities in his thoughts. In these the *vice* was always victorious and drove the devil roaring off the stage. MALONE.

Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord doth march to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, recites his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;
The threshold grates the door to have him heard,
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein the needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,[1]
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste,
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst sense construes their denial;
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Which with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,[2]
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, (quoth he,) these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts, that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds[3] more cause to sing,
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

[1] The apartments in England being strewed with rushes in our author's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the same covering. MALONE.
[2] To *let* formerly signified to hinder, to prevent. ANON.
[3] *Sneaped*, checked. MALONE.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought;
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
  That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
  As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' Eternal Power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair Fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour;
E'en there he starts: quoth he, I must deflour!
  The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
  How can they then assist me in the act!

Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide,
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be try'd,
Black sin is clear'd by absolution;[4]
Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.
  The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
  Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide;
The dove sleeps fast, that this night owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd,
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside:
  But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
  Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,[5]
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed:
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treason in his heart misled:
  Which gives the watch-word to his hand too soon,
  To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;

[4] Our author has here rather prematurely made Tarquin a disciple of modern Rome. MALONE.

[5] The poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion not of a boisterous, but quiet movement. A person apprehensive of being discovered, naturally takes *long* steps, the sooner to arrive at his point, whether he is approaching or retiring, and thus shorten the moments of danger. MAL.

Even so the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light ;
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
  That dazzleth them, or else some shame suppos'd ;
  But blind they are, and keep themselves inclos'd.

O had they in that darksome prison died !
Then had they seen the period of their ill,
Then Colatine again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still.
But they must ope this blessed league to kill ;
  And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
  Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
Which therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss :
Between whose hills, her head intombed is ;
  Where like a virtuous monument she lies,[6]
  To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Shew'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their light,
  And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,
  Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with her breath ;
O modest wantons, wanton modesty !
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
  As if between them twain there were no strife,
  But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered ;
Save of their lord ; no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred,

[6] On our ancient monuments the heads of the persons represented are commonly reposed on pillows. STEEVENS.

Who like a foul usurper went about,
From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doated,
And in his will his wilful eyes he tir'd.[7]
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfy'd;
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualify'd,
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for, standing by her side,
His eye which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mother's groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye;
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand as proud of such a dignity,
Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They must'ring to the quiet cabinet,
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries,
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes;
Who peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controul'd.

[7] To *tire* is a term in falconry. He glutted his lustful eye in the imagination of what he had resolved to do. Perhaps we should read—And *on* his will, &c. STEEVENS.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
Forth from dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she has beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking,
What terror 'tis : but she in worser taking
  From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
  The sight, which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies :
She dares not look, yet winking there appear
Quick shifting anticks ugly in her eyes,
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;
  Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
  In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram ! to batter such an ivory wall)
May feel her heart, poor citizen ! distrest,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
  This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
  To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this alarum to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;
  But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
  Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale.
Under that colour am I come to scale
  Thy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,
  For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee if thou mean to chide :
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide ;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer fought with all my might.
  But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
  By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempts will bring,
I know what thorns the growing rose defends,
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends;
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.
  Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
  And doats on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
  Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
  Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing shade,[8]
Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
  Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
  With trembling fear, as fowls hear falcons' bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
If thou deny, then force must work my way;
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
  And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
  Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy;
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
  Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,
  And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend,
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.

[8] Read *wings*. To *couch* the fowl may mean *to make it couch*; as, to *brave* a man, in our author's language, signifies either to insult him, or to make him brave; i. e. fine. STEEVENS.

The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
  In purest compounds ; being so apply'd,
  His venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot,
Worse than a slavish wipe[9] or birth-hour's blot ;[1]
  For marks describ'd in men's nativity,
  Are natural faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind beneath a gripe's sharp claws,[2]
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
  To the rough beast that knows no gentle right ;
  Nor nought obeys but his foul appetite.

As when a black-fac'd cloud the world does threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountain hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust does get,
Which blow these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing :
  So his unhallow'd taste her words delays,
  And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays.

Like foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth ;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth ;
His ear her prayer admits, but his heart granteth
  No penetrable entrance to her plaining ;
  Tears harden lust, tho' marble wears with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face :
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,

[9] More disgraceful than the brand with which slaves were marked. MAL.

[1] It appears in Shakspeare's time the arms of bastards were distinguished by some kind of *blots*. But in this passage those corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born, seem alone to be in our author's contemplation. MALONE.

[2] The *gripe* is properly the *griffin*. As *griffe* is properly the French word for *claw*, perhaps anciently those birds which are remarkable for griping their prey in their talons, were occasionally called gripes. STEEN.

And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;[3]
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended,
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended.
He is no woodman, that doth bend his bow,
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
Thyself art mighty, for thy own sake leave me ;
Myself a weakling, do not then insnare me ;
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me ;
My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion,
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O ! if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee,
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name,
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king,
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king ?

[3] i. e. proposed to thyself. STEEVENS.

O ! be remember'd no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away,
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.[4]

This deed shall make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove :
If but for fear of this, thy will remove,
For princes are the glass : the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn ?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame ?
To privilege dishonour in thy name,
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou commanded ? By him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will ;
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another ;
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear,
Their own transgressions partially they smother ;
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother,
O ! how are they rapt in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes !

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust's outrageous fire ;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal,[5]
Let him return and flattering thoughts retire.
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doating eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

[4] The memory of the evil actions of kings will remain even after their death. MALONE.
[5] For the recall of exil'd majesty. MALONE.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontroled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let ;[6]
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret :
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign with their fresh false haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not the taste.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a sovereign king,
And lo ! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills should change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle womb is burst,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;
Thou loathed in thy shame, they in thy pride :
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear thee,
Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch,[7] shall rudely tear thee ;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies ;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf has seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice control'd,
Intombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold.

For with the nightly linen, that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O that foul lust should stain so pure a bed !

[6] By this opposition. ANON.
[7] i. e. The delicate the respectful approach of love. STEEVENS.

The spots whereof, could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fears this night;
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O! deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace:
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd:
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That thro' the length of time he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection

Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
  Which in her prescience she controled still,
  But her foresight could not forestal their will.

E'en in this thought through the dark night he stealeth
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain:
Bearing away the wound, that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain:
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
  She bears the load of lust he left behind,
  And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,
She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there:
He scowls and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear!
  She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
  He runs and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away:
He in his speed looks for the morning-light;
She prays she never may behold the day:
For day (quoth she) night-scapes doth open lay;
  And my true eyes have never practis'd how
  To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can spy
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness lie,
To have their unseen sin remain untold.
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
  And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
  Upon their cheeks what helpless shame they feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind:
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
  Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her spight,
  Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night! image of hell!
Dim register! and notary of shame!

Black stage for tragedies![8] and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour of defame!
  Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
  With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
  His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
  Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air,
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;[9]
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
  That in their smorky ranks his smother'd light,
  May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,[1]
The silver-shining queen him would disdain;
Her twinkling handmaids[2] too, by him defil'd,
Thro' night's black bosom should not peep again.
So should I have copartners in my pain:
  And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
  As palmers, that make short their pilgrimage.

Where now? have I no one to blush with me?
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine;
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy,
But I alone, alone must sit and pine;
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;
  Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
  Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

[8] In our author's time, I believe, the stage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I suppose, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the stage, in the room of the tapestry, which was the common decoration when comedies were performed. MALONE.

[9] i. e. the point of noon. STEEVENS.

[1] The wicked, in scriptural language, are called *the children of darkness*. MALONE.

[4] Her twinkling handmaids; i. e. the stars MALONE.

O night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke!
Let not the jealous day behold that face,
Which underneath thy black, all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace;
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults, which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepúlchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day;
The light shall shew, charácter'd in my brow,[3]
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cypher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote[4] my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name?
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame.
Feast-finding minstrels,[5] tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Colatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Colatine's dear love be kept unspotted;
If that be made a theme for disputation.
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Colatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding private scar!
Reproach is stampt in Colatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mote afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows?

If, Colatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me, by strong assault, it is bereft,

[3] This word was, I suppose, thus accented when our author wrote, and is at this day pronounced in the same manner by the country people in Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is still retained. MALONE.

[4] *Quote*; mark, observe. MALONE.

[5] Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts. STEE.

My honey lost, and I a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wand'ring wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him;
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd for evil!
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?[6]
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man, that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold:
But still like pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless bans the harvest of his wits.
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it;
Their father was too weak and they too strong
To hold their cursed, blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for, turn to loaded sours,
E'en in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours;
We have no good, that we can say is ours.
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

[6] *Folly* is, I believe, here used as in scripture, for wickedness. *Gentle* is *well-born*. MALONE.

O opportunity ! thy guilt is great ;
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason,
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season ;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason :
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy her,
Sits sin to seize the souls that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath,
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd,
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth,
Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd !
Thou plantest scandal, and displaceth laud.
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief !
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smothering titles to a ragged name,[7]
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste ;
Thy violent vanities can never last,
How comes it, then, vile opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee.

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end ?
Or free that soul, which wretchedness hath chain'd ?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,
But they ne'er meet with opportunity.

The patient dies, while the physician sleeps ;
The orphan pines, while the oppressor feeds ;
Justice is feasting, while the widow weeps ;
Advice is sporting, while infection breeds ;[8]
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape and murder rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;
They buy thy help : but sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid,[9]
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

[7] i. e. a contemptible ignominious name. MALONE.
[8] This idea was probably suggested to Shakspeare by the rapid progress of the plague in London. STEEVENS.
[9] Read *appayd* ; i. e. pleased. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

My Colatine would else have come to me,
When Tarquin did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
As an accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen time, copesmate of ugly night;[1]
Swift, subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are.
O hear me then, injurious shifting time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant opportunity
Betrayed the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and inchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to find the hate of foes,
To eat up error by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed?

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time on aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger, till he render right,[2]
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,[3]

[1] *Copesmate*, i. e. companion. STEEVENS.

[2] To *punish* by the *compunctious visiting of conscience*, the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. Dr. Farmer would elegantly read:—

To *wring* the wronger, &c. MALONE.

[3] If these words have any sense, it is directly contrary to the sentiment here advanced, which is concerning the *decays* and not the *repairs* of Time. WARBURTON.

Dr. Johnson thinks Shakspeare wrote—and *perish* springs. By *springs*, however may be understood (as has been observed by Mr. Toller) the shoots of

To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,[4]
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter ;
To make a child a man, the man a child ;
To slay the tiger, that doth live by slaughter ;
To tame the unicorn and lion wild ;
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd ;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends ?
One poor retiring minute in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends.
O, this dread night ! would'st thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight ;
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night ;
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous, shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances ;
Afflict him in his bed with bed-rid groans ;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans ;
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones,
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair ;
Let him have time against himself to rave ;
Let him have time of time's help to despair ;
Let him have time to live a loathed slave ;
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one, that by alms does live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

young trees ; and then the meaning will be, "It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to destroy the ancient oak ; on the other to *cherish* young plants, and to bring them to maturity." *Springs* have this meaning in many ancient books. MALONE.

[4] The poet alludes to those vast port-cullises of iron, from which many of the strongest castles derived their strength, and which had probably, even in his time begun to decay. HENLEY.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime[5]
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

O time! thou tutor both to good and bad!
Teach me to curse him, that thou taught'st this ill;
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself, himself seek every hour to kill;
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill!
For who so base would such an office have,
As slanderous death's-man[6] to so base a slave?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honoured, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is mist,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

O idle words! servants to shallow fools;
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators;
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves, with dull debators:
To trembling clients be their mediators.
For me I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past all help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at Tarquin, and unsearchful night!
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,

[5] This crime which cannot be unacted. MALONE.
[6] i. e. executioner. So in one of our author's plays:
"——I am only sorry
"He had no other death's-man." STEEVENS

In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despight;
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right,
  The remedy indeed to do me good,
  Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself, to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
  And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
  Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starts,
To find some desperate instrument of death,
But this no slaughter-house, no tool imparts,
To make more vent for passing of her breath,
Which thronging thro' her lips so vanisheth,
  As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
  Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life;
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife!
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
  So am I now; O no! that cannot be,
  Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die;
To clear this spot by death, at least, I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy!
  Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
  To burn the guilty casket where it lay.

Well, well, dear Colatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth,
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard grass[7] shall never come to growth;
  He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
  That thou art doating father of his fruit.

[7] *Graff* in the earliest edition. MALONE.——This sentiment is adopted from the *Wisdom of Solomon*, Chap. iv. 3. "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take a deep rooting from *bastard slips*, nor lay any fast foundation." STEEVENS.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
  And with my trespass never will dispense,
  Till life to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses;
My tongue shall utter all, mine eyes like sluices,
  As from a mountain spring, that feeds a dale,
  Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light would borrow.
  But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
  And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day thro' every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,
To whom she sobbing speaks! O, eye of eyes!
Why pry'st thou thro' my window? leave thy peeping,
Mock with thy tickling beams, eyes that are sleeping:
  Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
  For day has nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees;
True grief is fond,[8] and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees;
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
  Like an unpractis'd swimmer, plunging still,
  With too much labour, drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views;
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another strait ensues:

[8] *Fond*, in old language, is foolish. MALONE.

Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words :
Sometimes 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody,
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.
True sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food :
To see the salve, doth make the wound ache more ;
Great grief grieves most at that will do it good ;
Deep woes roll forward, like a gentle flood,
Which being stopt, the bounding banks o'erflows ;
Grief dally'd with, nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes intomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts ;
And in my hearing be you ever dumb,
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,
Distress like dumps,[9] when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, thou sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain my tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear :
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descants better skill.[1]

And while against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking ; wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
Who if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

[9] A dump is a melancholy song. See Romeo and Juliet, p. 72. MAL.

[1] *Descants* for *descant'st*. Philomel, the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, was ravished by Tyreus, the husband of her sister Progne. According to the fable she was turned into a nightingale, Tereus into a lapwing, and Progne into a swallow. MALONE.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold ;
Some dark deep desert seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,
We will find out ; and there we will unfold
  To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds ;
  Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or once encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily,
So with herself is she in mutiny ;
  To live or die, which of the twain were better,
  When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor.

To kill myself, (quoth she) alack ! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion,
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
  Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
  Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer ?
When the one pure, the other made divine,
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept from heaven and Colatine ?
Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
  His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,
  So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted ;
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy.
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
  If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
  Thro' which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Colatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath :
My stained blood to Tarquin I bequeath,
  Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
  And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife,
That wounds my body so dishonoured:
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead.
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred,
For in my death I murder shameful scorn,
My shame so dead, my honour is new born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself thy friend, will kill myself thy foe,
And for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do you take;
My honour be the knife's that makes the wound;
My shame be his, that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disturbed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

When Colatine shall oversee this will,[2]
How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it?
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but shortly say, So be it:
Yield to my hand, and that shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, that dies, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death, when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies,
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why, her face wore sorrow's livery,

[2] *Overseers* were frequently added in wills, from the superabundant caution of our ancestors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his executors; and Thomas Russell and Francis Collins as his *overseers*. STEE.

But durst not ask of her audaciously,
  Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
  Nor why her fair cheeks overwash'd with wo.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
E'en so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy,
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
  Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
  Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling ;
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company of her drops spilling :
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
  Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
  And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore they are form'd as marble will ;[3]
The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
  No more than wax should be accounted evil,
  Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like an even champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep,
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils, that obscurely sleep ;
Thro' crystal walls each little mote will peep.
  Tho' men can cover crimes with bold, stern looks,
  Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveighs against the wither'd flower,
But chides rough winter, that the flower has kill'd ;
Not that's devour'd, but that which doth devour
Is worthy blame ; O let it not be held
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd[4]
  With men's abuses ; those proud lords, to blame,
  Make weak made women tenants to their shame.

[3] Hence do they (women) receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associates (men) choose. The expression it very quaint. MAL.

[4] *Fulfilled*, i. e. *filled*. It is used in our liturgy. MALONE.——*Fulfilled* means completely filled till there is no room for more. The word, in this sense, is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue.
By that her death to do her husband wrong;
Such danger to resistance did belong.
  The dying fear thro' all her body spread,
  And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this mild patience did fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining;
My girl, (quoth she) on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
  Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood,
  If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went (and there she staid,
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid.
The more to blame my sluggard negligence;
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
  Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
  And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
O peace, (quoth Lucrece) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express;
  And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
  When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink and pen;
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
  Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
  The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill;
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,
What wit sets down, is blotted still with will;
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill;

Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife, that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person; next vouchsafe t' afford
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,
Some present speed to come and visit me;
So I commend me from our house in grief,
My woes are tedious, tho' my words are brief.

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly;
By this short schedule Colatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not therefore make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her strain'd excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
She hoards to spend, when he is by to hear her;
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her:
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights, moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold;[5]
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear,
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste;
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast,
As lagging souls before the northern blast.
Speed, more than speed, but dull and slow she deems,
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

[5] The poet seems to have been thinking of those *heavy shows* called *dumb-shows*, which were exhibited on the stage in his time. *Motion*, in old language, signifies a puppet-show. MALONE.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
And blushing on her with a steadfast eye,
Receives the scroll without or yea or no:
For outward bashful innocence doth fly.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When silly groom, God wot, it was defect,
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity;
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely.
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age[6]
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd,
She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd;
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone;
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan.
So wo hath wearied wo, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn[7] the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy,
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,[8]
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life;
Many a dire prop seem'd a weeping tear,

[6] This example of ancient simplicity and virtue. MALONE.
[7] *Drawn*, in this instance, does not signify *delineated*, but *drawn out into the field* as armies are. STEEVENS.
[8] *Conceited*, in old language, is fancifully, ingeniously. MALONE.

Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife.
The red blood reek'd to shew the painter's strife,
  And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
  Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust!
And from the towers of Troy, there would appear
The very eyes of men thro' loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
  Such sweet observance in the work was had,
  That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders, grace and majesty
You might behold triumphing in their faces.
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity:
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces:
  Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
  That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of phisiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cypher'd either's heart;
Their face, their manners most expressly told.
In Ajax's eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
  But the mild glance that she Ulysses lent,
  Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see brave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober actions with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech it seem'd his beard, all silver white,
  Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
  Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.[9]

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was no nice.
  The scalps of many almost hid behind,
  To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

[9] *Purling* had formerly the same meaning as *curling*. MALONE.

Here's one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd, bears back all swoln and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear,[1]
And in their rage, (such signs of rage they bear,)
As but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seems they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,[2]
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save in the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy,
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That thro' their light joy seemed to appear,
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran;
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come
To find a face where all distress is steel'd;
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Who bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was no semblance did remain;

[1] To *pelt* means to be clamorous, as men in a passion. MALONE.
[2] An artful delineation, so nicely and naturally executed. *Kind* and nature, in old language, were synonymous. MALONE.

Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein :
  Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
  Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,[3]
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes ;
Who nothing wants to answer but her cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.
The painter was no god to lend her those ;
  And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
  To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument (quoth she) without a sound !
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue ;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus, that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burnt so long :
  And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
  Of all the Greeks, that are thine enemies.

Show me this strumpet, that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear :
That heat of lust fond Paris did incur
This load of wrath, that burning Troy did bear ;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here :
  And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
  The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe ?[4]
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head, that hath transgressed so,
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty wo.
  For one's offence why should so many fall,
  To plague a private sin in general ?

Lo ! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies !
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus sounds ![5]
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies !
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds !
And one man's lust these many lives confounds !
  Had doating Priam check'd his son's desire,
  Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

[3] Fixes them attentively. Hounds are said to *spend their tongues* when they join in full cry. MALONE.

[4] *Moe*, i. e. more ; a contraction formerly used by our poets. MAL.

[5] *Swoon* is certainly written *sound* or *swoon'd* in the old copies of our

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set a ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painted round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, tho' full of cares, yet show'd content.
Onward to Troy with these blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill,
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
That blushing red, no guilty instance gave,[6]
Nor ashy pale, the fear that false hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just;
And therein so insconc'd this secret evil,[7]
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust,
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well skill'd woman this wild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose inchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion; that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill:
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:

author's plays; and from this stanza it is probable the word was formerly pronounced *sw unds*. MALONE.

[6] No examples or symptoms of guilt. MALONE.

[7] Read *his* secret, &c. and by that means conceal'd his secret treachery. A sconce was a species of fortification. MALONE.

And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
  Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
  That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
She would have said, can lurk in such a look ;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot took :
It cannot be, she in that sense forsook,
  And turn'd it thus ; it cannot be, I find,
  But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For e'en as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travel he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed, so beguil'd[8]
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
  With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,
  So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how list'ning Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds !
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds :
His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.
  Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
  Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,
For Sinon in his fire doth quake for cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries, such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
  So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
  That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here all enrag'd such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast ;
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.
  At last she smilingly with this gives o'er,
  Fool ! fool ! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

[8] To me came Tarquin with the same armour of hypocrisy that Sinon wore. *Beguiled* is *beguiling*. Our author frequently confounds the active and passive participle. MALONE.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining:
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining;
Short time seems long, in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Tho' woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath over-slipt her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought,
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, tho' none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger come back,
Brings home his lord, and other company:
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky,
These watergalls,[9] in her dim element,
Foretel new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, tho' sod in tears, look red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares,
He has no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd,[1] to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares, to let them know

[9] The *water-gall* is some appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the shepherds of Salisbury-plain. STEEVENS.
[1] *Address'd*—ready, prepared. MALONE.

Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe :
  While Colatine, and his consorted lords,
  With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her wat'ry nest,
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
Few words, quoth he, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending ;
In me more woes than words are now depending ;
  And my laments would be drawn out too long,
  To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
And what wrong else may be imagined
  By foul enforcement might be done to me,
  From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber, came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love, else lasting shame
  On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
  If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you, where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust ; and so did kill
  The lechers in their deed ; this act will be
  My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he sets his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word :
So should my shame still rest upon record,
  And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
  Th' adult'rate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
(And far the weaker with so strong a fear)
My bloody judge forbad my tongue to speak,
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear,
  That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes ;
  And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O ! teach me how to make mine own excuse,
Or at the least, this refuge let me find ;
Tho' my gross blood he stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
  To accessary yieldings : but still pure
  Doth in her prison'd closet yet endure.

Lo ! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head inclin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe ;
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so.
  But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
  When he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch, the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye, that doth behold his haste ;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage being past :[2]
  Even so his sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
  To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no flood my raining slacketh ;
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
  More feeling painful ; let it then suffice
  To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece—now attend me,
Be suddenly revenged on my foe ;
Thine, mine, his own, suppose thou dost defend me

[2] Should we not read :
"In rage sent out, recall'd, *the* rage being past." Dr. FARMER.

From what is past, the help that thou thall lend me
  Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
  For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Colatine)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to 'venge this wrong of mine :
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
  To chase injustice with revengeful arms,
  Knights by their oaths should right poor ladies' harms.

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd :
But she that yet her sad task hath not said,
  The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
  How may this forced stain be wip'd from me ?

What is the quality of my offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low declined honour to advance ?
May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
  The poison'd fountain clears itself again,
  And why not I, from this compelled stain ?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain the mind untainted clears,
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map, which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune carved in with tears.
  No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living,
  By my excuse shall claim excuses giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name. He, he, she says :
But more than he, her poor tongue could not speak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short essays,
  She utters this, He, he, fair lord, 'tis he
  That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed,
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed :
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
  Her winged sprite, and thro' her wounds doth fly
  Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd, with this deadly deed,
Stood Colatine, and all his lordly crew,
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw :
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
  The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
  Her blood, in pure revenge, held it in chase.

And bubbling from her breast it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side ;
Who like a late sack'd island vastly stood[3]
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
  Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
  And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes,[4]
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place ;
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some wat'ry token shows :
  And blood untainted still doth red abide,
  Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd ;
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd ?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd,
  If children predecease progenitors,
  We are the offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance, my old age new born ;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and cold,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn :

[3] i. e. like a *waste*. *Vastum* is the law term for *waste* ground. STEE.
[4] A *rigol* is a circle. MALONE.

O ! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn !
  And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
  That I no more can see what once I was.

O time ! cease thou thy course, and haste no longer,
If thou surcease to be, that should survive :
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the fault'ring feeble souls alive ?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive ;
  Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
  Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts Colatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place :
And then in clay-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space :
  Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
  And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul,
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;
Who made that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
He 'gins to talk ; but thro' his lips do throng
  Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
  That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if his name he tore :
This windy tempest, till it blew up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more,
At last it rains, and busy winds gives o'er :
  Then son and father weep with equal strife,
  Who should weep most for daughter, or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his ;
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine ; O mine she is,
Replies her husband, do not take away
My sorrows' interest, let no mourner say,
  He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
  And only must be wail'd by Colatine.

O ! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and so late hath spill'd.
Woe ! woe ! quoth Colatine, she was my wife;
I own'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The disperst air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show ;
He with the Romans was esteemed so,
As silly jeering ideots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein true policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Colatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise ;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Colatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds :
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such lamenting dew of lamentations ;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd)
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore !
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd !
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store !
By all our country rites in Rome maintain'd !

And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
  Her wrongs to us ! and by this bloody knife !
  We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow :
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did his words allow !
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
  And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
  He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body throughout Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence.
Which being done with speedy diligence,
  The Romans plausibly did give consent
  To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

*Tarquin and Lucrece*—A book entitled The Ravishment of Lucrece, was entered on the Stationers' Register by Mr. Harrison, sen. May 11, 1594; and the poem was first printed in 4to in the same year. It was again published in small octavo, in 1598, and 1607.

# POEMS

ON

# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

# POEMS

## ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.[1]

### THE GLORY OF BEAUTY.

AH, wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?[2]
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood, to blush thro' lively veins;
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O! him she stores, to shew what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

This is his cheek, the map of days, outworn,
When beauty liv'd and dy'd as flowers do now;
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow:
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchre were shorn away,[3]
To live a second life on second head.
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay,
In him those holy antique hours are seen,

[1] Shakspeare's Sonnets were entered on the Stationers' books by Thomas Thrope, May 20. 1609, and printed in quarto in the same year. They were, however, written some years before. The general style of these poems, and the numerous passages in them, which remind us of our author's plays, leave not the smallest doubt of their authenticity. As these Sonnets are in 154 stanzas, peculiar passages have been selected, under appropriate heads, which will be more acceptable to readers in general. MALONE.

[2] i. e. Embellish itself. MALONE.

[3] In our author's time the false hair, usually worn, perhaps in compliment to the queen was of a sandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. MAL.

Without all ornament itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old, to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee, that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee thy due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Their outward thus with outward praise is crown'd,
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in guess they measure by thy deeds;
Then their churl thoughts (although their eyes were kind)
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds.
But why, thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The toil is this, that thou dost common grow.

## INJURIOUS TIME.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end:
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,[4]
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound;
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,[5]
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet to times, in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Against my love shall be as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-worn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,

[4] In the great body of light. So the *main* of waters. MALONE.
[5] *i. e.* the external decorations. MALONE.

Stealing away the treasure of his spring :
For such a time do I now fortify,
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
  His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
  And they shall live, and he in them still green.

When I have seen, by time's fell hand defac'd,
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age :
When sometimes lofty towers I see down raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded, to decay :
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
The time will come and take my love away.
  This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
  But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power :
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ;
O ! how shall summer's hungry breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of battering days ;
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?
O ! fearful meditation ! where, alack !
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold this swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil on beauty can forbid ?
  O ! none ! unless this miracle have might,
  That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

'Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry ;
As to behold desert a beggar borne,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right protection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill :
Tir'd with all these, from these, would I begone,
Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

## TRUE ADMIRATION.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one, hath every one, one shade,
And you but one, can every shadow lend ?
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new.
Speak of the spring and foizon of the year[6]
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know :
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

O ! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
But,[7] for their virtue's only in their show,
They live unmov'd, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves : sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

[6] The *foizon*, or plentiful season; i.e. the autumn is the emblem of your beauty. MALONE.

[7] *For* has here the signification of *because*. So, in Othello: "Haply *for* I am black." MALONE.

## THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Being your slave, what should I do, but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do till you require :
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour.
Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you :
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu,
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose ;
But like a sad slave stay, and think of nought,
Save where you are : how happy you make those !
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
(Tho' you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure ;
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure.
O let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury !
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will ; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon, of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, tho' waiting so be hell :
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

If there be nothing new, but that which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd ?
Which labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child ?
O ! that record could with a backward look,
E'en of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mine at first in character was done !
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we're mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

O ! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LOVE'S CRUELTY.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose may never die ;
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender air might bear his memory.
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel ;
Making a famine where abundance lies :
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.[9]

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held :
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise :
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer, this fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,
Proving his beauty by succession thine ?
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another ;
Whose fresh repair, if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb

[9] The ancient editors of Shakspeare's works deserve at least the credit of impartiality. If they have occasionally corrupted his noble sentiments, they have likewise depraved his short miserable conceits, as perhaps in this instance. I read,
"To eat the world's due *be thy* grave and thee." STEEVENS.

Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
Thou art my mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
So thou thro' windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
  But if thou live, remember not to be ;
  Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## YOUTHFUL GLORY.

O that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here live :
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty, which you hold in lease,
Find no determination ; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who let so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?
  O ! none but unthrifts ; dear my love, you know
  You had a father, let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have astronomy ;
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quality ;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind ;
Or say, with princes, if it shall go well,
By ought predict that I in heaven find :
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And constant stars ; in them I read such art,[1]
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself, to store thou would'st convert :
  Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
  Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

When I consider, every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment :
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,

[1] Read— And (constant stars) in them, &c.

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment:
When I perceive, that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky:
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear the brave state out of memory:
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And all in war with time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## GOOD ADMONITION.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way,
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay,
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme:
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit.[2]
So should the lines of life that life repair,[3]
Which this (time's pencil) or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse, in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Tho' yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb,
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces;
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers (yellow'd with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antick song.
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

[2] A *counterfeit* formerly signified a portrait. MALONE.
[3] The *lines of life*, perhaps are *living features*. ANON.

## QUICK PREVENTION.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage.
But when from highmost pitch with weary care,[4]
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day;
The eyes ('force duteous)[5] now converted are
From his low track, and look another way.
So thou, thyself, outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## MAGAZINE OF BEAUTY.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive;
Then how when nature calls thee to begone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which used lives th' executor to be.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze, where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very fame,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel.
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone:
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and barrenness every where.

[4] Read *weary* car. ANON.
[5] For *force duteous*, read *fore duteous*. ANON.

Then were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, tho' they with winter meet,
Lose but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd ;
Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd :
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee ;
Then what could death do, if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

## AN INVITATION TO MARRIAGE.

Music to hear,[6] why hear'st thou music sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy :
Why lov'st thou that, which thou receiv'st not gladly ?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness, the parts that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering ;
Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, thou single wilt prove none.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?
Ah ! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife :

[6] Thou whom to hear is music, &c. MALONE.

The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind ;
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it ;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the usurer so destroys it.
No love towards others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident ;
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident :
For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous hate,
That'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which, to repair, should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind !
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or, to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove.
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein live wisdom, beauty, and increase ;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay ;
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more ;
Which bounteous gift, thou should'st in bounty cherish :
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou should'st print more, not let that copy die.

When I do count the clock, that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls are silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,

And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard ;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow ;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

## FALSE BELIEF.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, (tho' I know she lies)
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking, that she thinks me young,
Altho' I know my years be past the best ;
I, smiling, credit her false speaking tongue,
Out-facing faults in love, with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love, that she is young ?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old ?
O love's best habit is a smoothing tongue,
And age (in love) loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be,

## A TEMPTATION.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That, like two spirits, do suggest me still :
My better angel is a man, (right fair)
My worser spirit a woman (colour'd ill.)
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

### FAST AND LOOSE.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury,
Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;
Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow, in thee it is :
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.
  If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
  To break an oath, to win a paradise ?

### TRUE CONTENT.

So is it not with me, as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
Making a compliment of proud compare
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems ;
With April's first-borne flowers, and all things rare,
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O ! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright,
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.
  Let them say more that like of hearsay well :
  I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

### A BASHFUL LOVER.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part ;
Or some fierce thing, replete with soo much rage,
Whose strength abundant weakens his own heart :
So I, for fear of trust, forgot to say
The perfect ceremony of love's right,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O ! let my looks be then the eloquence,
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;

Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more exprest.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ!
To hear what eyes belong to love's fine wit.

### STRONG CONCEIT.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art of one date:
But when in thee time's sorrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love! be of thyself so weary,[4]
As I, not for myself, but for thee, will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

### SWEET PROVOCATION.

Sweet Cytherea sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft, still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away. Ah, fool, too froward!

### A CONSTANT VOW.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Tho' to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove.
Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

[4] Read *wary*. ANON.

Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live,that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice :
Well learned is that tongue,that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, do not love that wrong !
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

THE EXCHANGE.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master, mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A man in hue all hue in his controlling,[5]
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth :
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a doating,
And by addition me of thee defeated ;
By adding one thing, to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

A DISCONSOLATION.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts (far from where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness, which the blind do see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents their shadow to my sightless view ;
Which, like a jewel, (hung in ghastly night)
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo ! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

[5] Read—*all hues*, &c. ANON.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest;
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day opprest?
And each (tho' enemies to other's reign)
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain,
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars tweer out,[6] thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate:
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest;
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts, myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth, to sing at heaven's gate.[7]
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## CRUEL DECEIT.

Scarce had the sun dry'd up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade;
When Cytherea (all in love forlorn)
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook;
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day, she hotter, that did look
For his approach, that often here had been.

[6] Read *twere*, which perhaps may have the same signification as *quire*. We may read *twink* for twinkling. STEEVENS.

[7] These nervous and animated lines, in which such an assemblage of thoughts clothed in the most glowing expressions, is compressed into the narrow compass of fourteen lines, might, I think, have saved the whole of this collection (i. e. Sonnets) from the general and indiscriminate censure thrown out against them. MALONE.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim :
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him :
He spying her, bounc'd in (whereas he stood)—
O, Jove ! (quoth she) why was not I a flood !

### THE UNCONSTANT LOVER.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is brittle :
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty :
A lily pale with damask dye to grace her ;
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing ?
How many tales, to please me, hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing ?
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flaming ;
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burning ;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a letcher, whether ?
Bad at the best, tho' excellent in neither ?

### THE BENEFIT OF FRIENDSHIP.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye (unus'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expence of many a vanish'd sight.[8]
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before.

[8] *Sight* for *sigh*. At present the vulgar pronunciation of the word is *sighth*. By *expense* the poet alludes to an old notion that sighing was prejudicial to health. MALONE.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I, by lacking, have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends, which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone;
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lov'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl, death, my bones with dust shall cover;
And shalt, by fortune, once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover;
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And tho' they be out-stript by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then, vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,[9]
A dearer birth than this, his love had bought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

## FRIENDLY CONCORD.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, (the sister and the brother)
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute, doth ravish human sense;
Spencer to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus' lute (the queen of music) makes;

[9] We may hence infer that these were among our author's earliest productions. Spencer is the poet probably spoken of. MALONE.

And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, (as poets fain)
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

### INHUMANITY.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild,
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill,
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds,
She, silly queen, with more than love's good-will,
Forbad the boy he should not pass those grounds:
Once (quoth he) did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh a spectacle of ruth;
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore;
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

### A CONGRATULATION.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O! give thyself the thanks, if ought in me,
Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight:
For who's so dull, that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth,
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this, let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one?
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.

O, absence ! what a torment would'st thou prove.
Were 't not that thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Who time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive ;
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all ;
What hast thou then more than thou had'st before ?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call ;
All mine was thine, before thou had'st this more.
Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty :
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spite, yet we must not be foes.

## LOSS AND GAIN.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commit,
When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befit,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won ;
Beauteous thou art, and therefore to be assailed,
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till he have prevailed ?
Ah, me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in the riot even there,
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth ;
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly ;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye,
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,

Suffering my friend, for my sake, to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss :
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross.
  But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
  Sweet flattery, then she loves but me alone.

### FOOLISH DISDAIN.

Venus, with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me,
And then she clipt Adonis in her arms :
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure :
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
  Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
  To kiss and clip me till I run away.

### ANCIENT ANTIPATHY.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee ; youth, I do adore thee ;
O ! my love, my love is young :
  Age, I do defy thee, O ! sweet shepherd, hie thee ;
  For, methinks thou stay'st too long.

### BEAUTY'S VALUATION.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently.
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,

Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as goods lost, are seld' or never found ;
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh ;
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground ;
As broken glass, no cement can redress ;
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

### MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
To limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then altho' my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone ;
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;
Receiving nought by elements so slow,
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

The other two, slight air, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;
The first my thought, the other my desire ;
These present, absent, with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone,
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppprest with melancholy ;
Until life's composition be recured,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again assured
Of their fair health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

### LOVE'S LOSS.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring:
Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded,
Fair creature kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting.
Like a green plumb, that hangs upon a tree,
And falls (thro' wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
For why ? thou left'st me nothing in thy will ;
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave :
For why ? I craved nothing of thee still :
O yes (dear friend) I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou did'st bequeath to me.

## LOVE'S RELIEF.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green ;
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
With ugly rack[1] on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with his disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in the way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoak ?
'Tis not enough that thro' the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face ;
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Tho' thou repent, yet I have still the cross ;
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him, that beareth strong offence's cross.
Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done,
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

[1] *Rack* is the fleeting motion of the clouds. MALONE.

All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing their sins more than their sins are :
For to my sensual fault I bring incense ;
Thy adverse party is thy advocate ;
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence,
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
  That I an accessary needs must be
  To that sweet thief which sorely robs from me.

### UNANIMITY.

Let me confess, that we two must be twain,
Altho' our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots, that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Tho' in our lives a separable spite ;
Which tho' it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name.
  But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
  As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth ;
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Intitled in their part, do crowned sit,[2]
I make my love ingrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live :
  Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
  This wish I have, then times happy me.

[2] *Intitled*—ennobled. MALONE.

### LOTH TO DEPART.

Good night, good rest ; ah ! neither be my share ;
She bade good night, that kept my rest away ;
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
  Farewell (quoth she) and come again to-morrow ;
  Farewell I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn, or friendship, nill I construe whether :
It may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile ;
It may be, again to make me wander thither.
  Wander (a word) for shadows like myself,
  And take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord ! how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest,
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes.
  While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
  And wish her lays were tuned like the lark.

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night ;
The night so packt, I post unto my pretty ;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
  Sorrow chang'd to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow ;
  For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon,
But now are minutes added to the hours :
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour ;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.
  Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow,
  Short night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

### A MASTER-PIECE.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart :
My body is the same wherein 'tis held,[3]
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For thro' the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,

[3] Read—my body is the frame, &c. ANON.

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where thro' the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.
  Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
  They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

### HAPPINESS IN CONTENT.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast:
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for worth,
After a thousand victories, once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot, for which he toil'd.
  Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
  Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

### A DUTIFUL MESSAGE.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage,
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit;
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In my soul's thought (all naked) will bestow it;
'Till whatsoever star, that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To shew me worthy of their sweet respect.
  Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
  'Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

## GO AND COME QUICKLY.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When that I seek (my weary travel's end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend :
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me ;
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee.
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me, than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art, why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O ! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur tho' mounted on the wind ;
In winged speed no motion shall I know.
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,
Therefore desire (of perfect love being made)
Shall neigh no dull flesh in his fiery race,
But love for love thus shall excuse my jade.
Since from thee going, he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

## TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
My eye, my heart their pictures' sight should bar ;
My heart, my eye the freedom of that right :
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie ;
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says, in him their fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part,

As thus : mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my heart's right, their inward love of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other :
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart, in love with sighs, himself doth smother ;
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart.
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :
So either by the picture of my love,
Thyself away, are present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eyes' delight.

### CARELESS NEGLECT.

How careful was I, when I took my way
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust ;
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust ?
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief ;
Thou best of dearest, and my only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not ; tho' I feel thou art
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear ;
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

### STOUT RESOLUTION.

Against that time (if ever that time come)
When I shall see thee frown on my defects ;
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
Against that time do I insconce me here,[4]

[4] Fortify myself. A sconce was a species of fortification. MALONE.

Within the knowledge of mine own desert ;
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on my part :
  To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,
  Since why to love, I can allege no cause.

### A DUEL.

It was a lording's daughter,
The fairest one of three,
That liked of her master, as well as well might be ;
Till looking on an Englishman,
The fairest eye could see,
  Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful,
That love with love did fight ;
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either,
Alas ! it was a spite
  Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused,
More mickle was the pain ;
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain :
For of the two the trusty knight
Was wounded with disdain,
  Alas ! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending,
Was victor of the day ;
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away.
Then, lullaby, the learned man
Hath got the lady gay :
  For now my song is ended.

### LOVE-SICK.

On a day (alack the day)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gain passage find,
That the lover (sick to death)
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow ;

Air! would I might triumph so!
But (alas) my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy throne!
Vow (alack) for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet;
Thou, for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Æthiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

### LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams speed not; all is amiss;
Love is dying, faith's defying.
Heart's denying, causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost (God wot;)
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd, without remove.
One silly cross wrought all my loss;
O! frowning fortune, cursed fickle dame!
For now I see inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me living in thrall;
Heart is bleeding, all help needing;
O! cruel speeding, fraughted with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no dell,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont t' have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep, procures to weep
In howling wise to see my doleful plight!
How sighs resound thro' heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs black peeping fearfully.
All our pleasure knowu to us poor swains;
All our merry meetings on the plains;
All our evening sport from us has fled;
All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet love, thy like ne'er was,
For a sweet content, of all my woe the cause;
Poor Coridon must live alone,
Other help for him, I see, that there is none.

WHOLESOME COUNSEL.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike;
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy[5] (partly all might)
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk;[6]
Lest she some subtle practice smell:
A cripple soon can find a halt.
But plainly say, thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

What tho' her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembling her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban, and brawl, and say thee nay;
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy ways,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Please never thou too choose anew.

[5] *Fancy* here means *love*. MALONE.
[6] With studied or polished language. MALONE.

When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, tho' she put it back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show ;
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought.

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint :
There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft, enough, too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song ;
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long.
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewraid.

### SAT FUISSE.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is, as mine ;
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity ;
Mine own self-love, quite contrary I read,
Self, so self-loving, were iniquity :
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

### A LIVING MONUMENT.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents,
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry ;
Nor Mars's sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity,
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment, that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

### FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare ;
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carconet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had to triumph, being lack'd to hope.

### PATIENS ARMATUS.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eye-lids to the weary night ?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee do mock my sight !
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee,
So far from home, into my deeds to pry ?
To find out shames, and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenure of thy jealousy ?
O ! no, thy love, tho' much, is not so great ;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
Mine own true love, that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

## A VALEDICTION.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead ;
When you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world, that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then, should make you woe.
O ! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay ;
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay :
  Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
  And mock you with me, after I am gone.

O ! lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love ;
After my death (dear love !) forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove :
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do for me now than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.
O ! lest yoor true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue ;
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you ;
  For I'm asham'd by that which I bring forth ;
  And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

But be contented, when that fell arrest,
Without all bail, shall carry me away ;
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
My sprite is thine,[7] the better part of me.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base, of thee to be remembered.
  The worth of that is that which it contains ;
  And that is this, and this with thee remains.

[7] Read my spirit, &c. ANON.

## NIL MAGNIS INVIDIA.

That thou art blam'd, shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair :
The ornament of beauty is suspect ?[8]
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air,
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Their worth be greater, being woo'd of time ;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor, being charg'd ;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd ;
If some suspect of ill, mask not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

## LOVE-SICK.

O how I faint, when I of you do write !
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name ;
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame.
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear ;
My saucy bark (inferior far to his)
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
Or (being wreck'd) I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this, my love was my decay.

Or shall I live your epitaph to make ?
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ?
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Altho' in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Tho' I (once gone) to all the world must die ;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie :
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;

[8] Suspicion or slander is the constant attendant on beauty, and adds new lustre to it. ANON.

And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead :
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes, ev'n in the mouths of men.

### THE PICTURE OF TRUE LOVE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments ; love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come :
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

### IN PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

I grant thou wert not marry'd to my muse,
And therefore may'st thou without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book :
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue ;
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days :
And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd,
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend.
And their gross painting might be better us'd,
Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abus'd.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to you fair no painting set :
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt :
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself being extant, well might show,
How far a modern quill doth come too short,

Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence of my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Who is it, that says most, which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew ?
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory :
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear ;
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making him still admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessing add a curse,
Being fond of praise, which makes your praises worse.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.[9]
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry Amen
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well refined pen,
Hearing you praised, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise add something more ;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you
(Tho' words come hindmost) holds his ranks before :
Then others, for the breath of words, respect ;
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

A RESIGNATION.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of (all-too-precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain rehearse,[1]
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew !
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write

[9] Read fil'd i. e. polished. ANON.
[1] For Rehearse, read inherse. STEEVENS.

Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead ?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night,
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter that enfeebled mine.

Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing,
And, like enough, thou know'st thy estimate ;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee, but by thy granting,
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking.
So thy great gift upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

### SYMPATHISING LOVE.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
With a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone ;
She (poor bird !) as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Tereu, tereu, by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lovely shown,
Made me think upon my own.
Ah (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain ;

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee ?
King Pandion, he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing :
Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd ;
Every one, that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find ;
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call ;
And with such like flattering
Pity but he was a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will intice.
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment.
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need ;
If thou sorrow he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

### A REQUEST TO HIS SCORNFUL LOVE.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against thyself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, tho' thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story

Of faults conceal'd wherein I am attainted ;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory.
And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee 'vantage, double 'vantage me.
  Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
  That for thy right, myself will bear all wrong.

Say, that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace ; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
Be absent from thy walks, and on my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
  For thee, against myself I'll vow debate ;
  For I must ne'er love him, whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after loss :
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquer'd woe !
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite ;
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might.
  And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
  Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, tho' new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.
But these particulars are not my measure ;

All these I better, in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments cost ;
Of more delight than hawks or horses be :
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
  Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
  All this away, and me most wretched make.

### A LOVER'S AFFECTION, THOUGH HIS LOVE PROVE INCONSTANT.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine ;
And life no longer than my love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end ;
I see a better state to me belongs,
Than that which on my humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie ;
O ! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
  But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot ?
  Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
May still seem to love me, though alter'd new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In many's look the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange :
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts, or thy heart's working be,
Thy looks shall nothing thence but sweetness tell.
  How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
  If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they must do, show ;
Who moving others, are themselves as stone
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow :
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,

And husband nature's riches from expense :
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Tho' to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity :
  For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
  Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !
O ! in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose !
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise ;
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
O ! what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation choose out thee :
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !
  Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;
  The hardest knife, ill us'd, doth lose his edge.

### COMPLAINT FOR HIS LOVER'S ABSENCE.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
What old December's barrenness every where !
And yet this time remov'd[2] was summer's time ;
The teeming autumn big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,[3]
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease.
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit ;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute :
  Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
  That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud pied April (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.

[2] This time in which I was absent from thee. MALONE.
[3] *Increase* is the produce of the earth. The prime is the spring. MAL.

Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell ;
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those :
  Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
  As with your shadow, I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;
Sweet thief ! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd :
The lily I condemned[4] for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair ;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third nor red, nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry has annex'd thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
  More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
  But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

### AN INVOCATION TO HIS MUSE.

Where art thou, muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful muse, and strait redeem,
In gentle numbers, time so idly spent ;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And give thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If time hath any wrinkle graven there ;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make time's spoils despised every where.
  Give my love fame, faster than time wastes life,
  So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

O truant muse ! what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd ?

[4] *For presuming to emulate the whiteness of thy hand.* MALONE.

But truth and beauty on my love depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, muse, wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse no silence so, for 't lies in thee,
To make her much outlive a golden tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, muse, I teach thee how
To make her seem long hence, as she shows now.

## CONSTANT AFFECTION.

To me, fair love, you never can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons, have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you, fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no place perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which, methinks, still does stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idle show;
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so:
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent;
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords,
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone:
Which three, till now, have never sat in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time,
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,

In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights ;
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antick pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not still enough your worth to sing :
For we, who now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## AMAZEMENT.

My love is strengthen'd, tho' more weak in seeming ;
I love not less, tho' less the show appear :
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it in my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days.
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night ;
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grow common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

Alack ! what poverty my muse brings forth !
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not, if I no more can write !
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That overthrows my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces, and your gifts to tell ;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

## A LOVER'S EXCUSE FOR HIS LONG ABSENCE.

O ! never say that I was false of heart,
Tho' absence seem'd my flame to qualify ;
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in my breast[5] doth lie,
That is my home of love ; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd ;
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, tho' in my nature reign'd
All frailties, that besiege all kind of blood,
That it could so prepost'rously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :
  For nothing this wide universe I call,
  Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

Alas ! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to thy view ;[6]
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear;
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely : but by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst assays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end,
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
  Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
  Even to thy pure and most loving breast.

## A COMPLAINT.

O ! for my sake do you with fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means which publick manners breeds.[7]
Thence comes it, that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
Whilst like a willing patient I will drink

[5] Read *thy* breast, &c. ANON.
[6] Appeared like a *Fool*. MALONE.
[7] The author seems here to lament his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage, or writing for the theatre. MALONE.

Potions of eysel 'gainst my strong infection ;[8]
No bitterness, that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
  Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
  E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill,
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-skreen my bad, my good allow ?
You are my all ; the world and I must strive,
To know my shame and praises from your tongue ;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysme I throw all care
Of other voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are :
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense.
  You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
  That all the world besides me thinks I'm dead.

SELF-FLATTERY OF HER BEAUTY.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind ;
Seems seeing, but effectually is out,
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of birds, of flowers, or shape, which it doth lack ;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what he doth catch ;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
To crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature ;
  Incapable of more, replete with you,
  My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy ?
To make of monsters, and things indigest,
Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble ;
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
O ! 'tis the first, 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,

[8] *Eysel* is vinegar. STEEVENS.——*Vinegar* is esteemed efficacious in *preventing the communication* of the plague and other distempers.

And my great mind most kindly drinks it up ;
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,[9]
And to his palate doth prepare the cup.
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin,
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
E'en those that said I could not love you dearer :
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why,
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reck'ning time, whose million accidents,
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Can sacred beauty blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things :
Alas ! why fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, now I love you best,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowding the present, doubting of the rest !
Love is a babe, then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

### A TRIAL OF LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear purchas'd right ;
That I have hoisted sails to all the winds,
Which should transport me farthest from your sight ;
Book both my wilfulness and error down,
And on just proof, surmise accumulate ;
Bring me within the level of your frown ;
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

Like as you make your appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
As to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken, to shun sickness, when we purge :
Even so being full of your near cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding ;
And sick of welfare, found a kind of meekness,

[9] What is pleasing to the taste of my mind. MALONE.
[1] *Eager* is sour, tart, poignant. STEEVENS.

To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing,
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a hateful state,
Which rank of goodness would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and the fond lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

What potions have I drank of Syren's tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within!
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win.
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true,
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuke to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

### A GOOD CONSTRUCTION OF HIS LOVE'S UNKINDNESS.

That you were once unkind befriends me now;
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I a tyrant have no leisure taken,
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O! that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;
And soon to you, as you to me then tender'd
The humble salve, which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

### ERROR IN OPINION.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be, receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,

Not by our feeling, but by other's seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties, who are frailer spies;
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own;
I may be straight, tho' they themselves be bevel;[2]
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
  Unless this general evil they maintain,
  All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

### UPON THE RECEIPT OF A TABLE-BOOK FROM HIS MISTRESS.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain,
Full character'd with a lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rant remain
Beyond all date even to eternity;
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor attention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me, was I bold
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
  To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
  Were to import forgetfulness in me.

### A VOW.

No, Time! thou shalt not boast that I do change;
Thy pyramids built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past;
For thy records, and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.

[2] *Bevel*, crooked; a term used by masons and joiners. STEEVENS.

This I do vow, and this shall ever be ;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

### LOVE'S SAFETY.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be un-father'd ;
As subject to time's love or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto t' inviting time our fashion calls :
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

### AN INTREATY FOR HER ACCEPTANCE.

Where it ought to be, I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring ;
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining.
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour,
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet, foregoing simple favour ?
Pitiful thrivers in their gazing spent.
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

### UPON HER PLAYING ON THE VIRGINALS.

How oft when thou thy music, music-play'st,
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The witty concord that mine ear confounds ;
Do I envy those jacks that nimbly leap,
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,

At the wood's boldness, by thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom their fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

### IMMODERATE LUST.

Th' expence of spirit in a waste of shame,
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad.
Mad in pursuit and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest, to have extreme,
A bliss in proof, and proud, and very woe ;
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

### IN PRAISE OF HER BEAUTY, THOUGH BLACK.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name :
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd ; if not, lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem,
At such who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips red ;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses, damask, red and white ;

But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
And in some perfumes there is more delight,
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,
That music hath a far more pleasing sound :
I grant I never saw a goddess go ;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she, bely'd with false compare.

Thou art tyrannous, so thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel :
For well thou know'st to my dear doating heart,
Thou art the fairest, and most precious jewel.
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan ;
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Altho' I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear ;
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
On one another's neck do witness bare :
Thy black is fairer in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning-sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east ;
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face :
O ! let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## UNKIND ABUSE.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan,
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me ;
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweetest friend must be ?

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;
Of him, myself, and thee I am forsaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail.
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confest that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore to me, my comfort still.
But thou wilt not, nor will he not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use ;
And sue a friend, came debtor for thy sake,
So him I lose thro' my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me ;
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

## LOVE-SUIT.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus ;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
The sea all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store ;
So thou being rich in Will add to thy Will
One will of mine, to make thy large Will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will ;

And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
I fill it full with wills, and my will one :
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in a number let me pass untold,
Tho' in thy store's account I one must be :
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.
  Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
  And then thou lov'st me, for my name is Will.

### HIS HEART WOUNDED BY HER EYE.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see ?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies ;
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride ;
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged looks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd ?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place ?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
To put fair truth upon so foul a face ;
  In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
  And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

O ! call me not to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art :
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside ;
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-prest defence can bide ?
Let me excuse thee ; ah ! my love well knows,
Her pretty looks have been my enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injnries.
  Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,
  Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain ;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Tho' not to love, yet love to tell me so :
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know.
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee ;
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
  That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
  Bear thine eyes strait, tho' thy proud heart go wide.

### A PROTESTATION.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone :
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee ;
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :
  Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
  That she that makes me sin, rewards my pain.

Love is my sin, and my dear virtue, hate ;
Hate of sin, grounded on a sinful loving :
O ! but with mine, compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving :
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful, I love thee, as thou lov'st those,
Whom thine eyes woo, as mine importune thee ;
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pity be,

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be deny'd !

### AN ALLUSION.

Lo ! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away ;
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch,
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay :
Whilst her neglected child holds in her chase,
Cries to catch her, whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face ;
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent.
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.
So will I pray, that thou may'st have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

### LIFE AND DEATH.

Those lips that love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, I hate,
To me that languish'd for her sake :
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come ;
Chiding that tongue, that, ever sweet,
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet :
I hate, she alter'd with an end
That follow'd it, as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate, from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying, not you.

### A CONSIDERATION OF DEATH.

Poor soul ! the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth, these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls in costly clay ?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy faded mansion spend ?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

### IMMODERATE PASSION.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve;
Desire is death, why physic did accept.
Past cure I am, now reason is past cure;
And frantic mad with evermore unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd.
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

### LOVE'S POWERFUL SUBTLETY.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote,
Love's eye is not so true as all men's. No.
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, tho' I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not?
When I against myself with thee partake?

Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
All of myself, all tyrant for thy sake ?
Who hatest thou, that I do call my friend ?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
Nay, if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan ?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise ;
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?
But love, hate on : for now I know thy mind,
Those that can see, thou lov'st, and I am blind.

O ! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway ;
To make thee give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds ?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?
O ! tho' I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state.
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## RETALIATION.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty :
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee ;
In other works thou dost but mend the style ;
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be :
But thou art all my art, and dost advance,
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love ! thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again ;
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour. Beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek. He can afford
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes to thee, thyself dost pay.

SUN-SET.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd quires,[3] where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilights of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west ;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals all up in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd by that which it was nourish'd by.
'Tis thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

Thy glass will show how thy beauties wear ;
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles, which thy glass will show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory :
Thou by the dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's peevish progress to eternity.
Look what thy memory cannot contain,

[3] This image was probably suggested to Shakspeare by our desolate monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothic isle, and an avenue of trees, whose upper branches meet and form an arch over head, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque. STEEVENS.

Commit to these waste blacks and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

### A MONUMENT TO FAME.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage :
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time,
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes ;
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit ?
What's now to speak, what now to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
Nothing, sweet love ! but yet like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same ;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
E'en as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,
Weighs not the dust and injuries of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page :
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

### PERJURY.

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;

My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason ;
But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize : proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience, hold it, that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

In loving thee, thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee ;
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness ;
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness ;
Or made them swear against the thing they see.
For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie.

### THE TALE OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

Beneath Hymettus' hill, well cloth'd with flowers,
A holy well her soft springs gently pours :
Where stands a copse, in which the wood-nymphs shrove,
(No wood) it rather seems a slender grove.
The humble shrubs and bushes hide the grass ;
Here laurel, rosemary, here myrtle was :
Here grew thick box, and tam'risk that excels,
And made a mere confusion of sweet smells.
The triffoly, the pine ; and on this heath
Stands many a plant that feels cold Zephyr's breath.
Here the young Cephalus, tir'd in the chace,
Us'd his repose and rest alone t' embrace ;
And where he sat, those words he would repeat,
" Come, air, sweet air, come cool my mighty heat !
" Come, gentle air, I never will forsake thee,
" I'll hug thee thus, and in my bosom take thee."
Some double duteous tell-tale hapt to hear this,
And to his jealous wife doth straightway bear this,
Which Procris' hearing, and withal the name
Of air, sweet air, which he did oft proclaim,

She stands confounded, and amaz'd with grief,
By giving this fond tale too sound belief;
And looks, as do the trees by winter nipt,
Whom frost and cold of fruit and leaves have stript.
She bends like corveil, when too rank it grows,
Or when the ripe fruits clog the quince tree boughs:
But when she comes t' herself, she tears
Her garments, eyes, her cheeks, and hairs;
And then she starts, and to her feet applies her,
Then to the wood (stark wood) in rage she hies her.
Approaching somewhat near, her servants they
By her appointment in a valley stay;
While she alone, with creeping paces, steals;
To take the strumpet, whom her lord conceals.
What mean'st thou Procris, in these groves to hide thee?
What rage of love doth to this madness guide thee?
Thou hop'st the air he calls, in all her bravery,
Will straight approach, and thou shalt see their knavery.
And now again it irks her to be there,
For such a killing sight her heart will tear.
No truce can with her troubled thoughts dispense,
She would not now be there, nor yet be thence.
Behold the place her jealous mind foretels,
Here do they use to meet, and no where else:
The grass is laid, and see their true impression;
Even here they lay! aye, here was their transgression.
A body's print she saw, it was his seat,
Which makes her faint heart 'gainst her ribs to beat.
Phœbus the lofty eastern hill had scal'd
And all moist vapours from the earth exhal'd;
Now in his noon-tide point he shineth bright;
It was the middle hour, 'twixt noon and night.
Behold young Cephalus draws to the place,
And with the fountain water sprinks his face.
Procris is hid, upon the grass he lies,
And come, sweet Zephyr, come, sweet air, he cries.
She sees her error now from where he stood,
Her mind returns to her, and her fresh blood;
Among the shrubs and briers she moves and rustles,
And the injurious boughs away she justles;
Intending, as he lay there to repose him,
Nimbly to run, and in her arms inclose him.
He quickly cast his eye upon the bush,
Thinking therein some savage beast did rush;
His bow he bends, and a keen shaft he draws;
Unhappy man, what dost thou? stay, and pause;

It is no brute beast thou would'st 'reave of life ;
O man unhappy ! thou hast slain thy wife !
O heaven ! she cries, O help me ! I am slain ;
Still doth thy arrow in my wound remain.
Yet tho' by timeless fate my bones here lie,
It glads me most, that I no cuck-quean die.
Her breath (thus in the arms the most affected)
She breathes into the air (before suspected),
The whilst he lifts her body from the ground,
And with his tears doth wash her bleeding wound.

### CUPID'S TREACHERY.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep ;
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire doth quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
Which borrow'd from his holy fire of love,
A dateless lively heat still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eyes love's brand new fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied a sad distemper'd guest :
  But found no cure, the bath for my help lies,
  When Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand,
The fairest votary took up that fire,
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd :
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
  Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
  Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

### THAT MENELAUS WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS OWN WRONGS.

When Menelaus from his house is gone,
Poor Helen is afraid to lie alone ;

And to allay these fears (lodg'd in her breast)
In her warm bosom she receives her guest.
What madness was this, Menelaus, say ?
Thou art abroad, whilst in the house doth stay,
Under the self-same roof, thy guest, and love :
Madman ! unto the hawk thou trust'st the dove.
And who but such a gull, would give to keep
Unto the mountain wolf, full folds of sheep ?
Helen is blameless, so is Paris too,
And did what thou, or I myself would do.
The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face,
By limiting these lovers, time and place.
From these the seeds of all thy wrongs are grown :
Whose counsels have they follow'd but thine own ?
Alack ! what should they do ? abroad thou art ;
At home thou leav'st thy guest to play thy part.
To lie alone, the poor queen is afraid ;
In the next room an amorous stranger staid ;
Her arms are ope t' embrace him, he falls in :
And, Paris, I acquit thee of the sin.

AND IN ANOTHER PLACE SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING THIS.

Orestes liked, but not loved dearly
Hermione, till he had lost her clearly.
Sad Menelaus ! why dost thou lament
Thy late mishap ? I pr'ythee be content.
Thou know'st the amorous Helen, fair and sweet ;
And yet without her didst thou sail to Crete.
And thou wast blythe, and merry all the way ;
But when thou saw'st she was the Trojan's prey,
Then wast thou mad for her, and for thy life,
Thou canst not now one minute want thy wife.
So stout Achilles, when his lovely bride,
Briseis, was dispos'd to great Atride,
Nor was he vainly mov'd, Atrides too
Offer'd no more, than he of force must do.
I should have done as much, to set her free ;
Yet I (heaven knows) am not so wise as he.

VULCAN *was* JUPITER'*s Smith, an excellent workman, on whom the Poets father many rare works, among which I find this one.*

## MARS AND VENUS.

This tale is blaz'd through heaven, how once un'ware,
Venus and Mars were took in Vulcan's snare.
The god of war doth in his brow discover
The perfect and true pattern of a lover.
Nor could the goddess Venus be so cruel
To deny Mars ; (soft kindness is a jewel
In any woman, and becomes her well)
In this the queen of love doth most excel.
O heaven ! how often have they mockt and flouted
The smith's polt-foot (whilst nothing he misdoubted ;)
Made jests of him, and his begrimed trade ;
And his smoog'd visage, black with coal-dust made.
Mars, tickled with loud laughter, when he saw
Venus like Vulcan limp, to halt and draw
One foot behind another, with sweet grace,
To counterfeit his lame uneven pace.
Their meetings first the lovers hide with fear
From every jealous eye, and captious ear.
The god of war, and love's lascivious dame,
In public views were full of bashful shame.
But the sun spies how this sweet pair agree,
(O what, bright Phœbus, can be hid from thee ?)
The Sun both sees and blabs the sight forthwith,
And in all post he speeds to tell the smith.
O Sun ! what bad examples dost thou show ?
What thou in secret seest must all men know ?
For silence, ask a bribe from her fair treasure ;
She'll grant thee that shall make thee swell with pleasure.
The god, whose face is smoog'd with smoke and fire,
Placeth about their bed a net of wire ;
So quaintly made, that it deceives the eye.
Straight (as he feigns) to Lemnos he must hie.
The lovers meet, where he the train hath set,
And both lie fast catch'd in a wiry net :
He calls the gods, the lovers naked sprall,
And cannot rise ; the queen of love shows all.
Mars chafes, and Venus weeps, neither can flinch ;
Grappled they lie, in vain they kick and wince.
Their legs are one within another ty'd,
Their hands so fast, that they can nothing hide.

Amongst these high spectators, one by chance,
That saw them naked in this pitfall dance,
Thus to himself said; if it tedious be,
Good god of war, bestow thy place on me.

## THE HISTORY HOW THE MINOTAUR WAS BEGOT.

Ida of cedars and tall trees stands full,
Where fed the glory of the herd, a bull
Snow-white, save 'twixt his horns one spot there grew;
Save that one stain, he was of milky hue.
This fair steer did the heifers of the groves
Desire to bear, as prince of all the droves.
But most Pasiphae, with adulterous breath,
Envies the wanton heifers to the death.
'Tis said, that for this bull the doting lass
Did use to crop young boughs, and mow fresh grass;
Nor was the amorous Cretan queen afeard,
To grow a kind companion to the herd.
Thus thro' the champaign she is madly borne,
And a wild bull to Minos gives the horn.
'Tis not for bravery he can love or loath thee,
Then why, Pasiphae, dost thou richly clothe thee?
Why should'st thou thus thy face and looks prepare?
What mak'st thou with thy glass ordering thy hair,
Unless thy glass could make thee seem a cow?
But how can horns grow on that tender brow?
If Minos please thee, no adulterer seek thee;
Or if thy husband Minos do not like thee,
But thy lascivious thoughts are still encreas'd,
Deceive him with a man, not with a beast.
Thus by the queen the wide woods are frequented,
And leaving the king's bed, she is contented
To use the groves, borne by the rage of mind,
Even as a ship with a full eastern wind.
Some of these strumpet heifers the queen slew,
Her smoking altars their warm bloods imbrue;
Whilst by the sacrificing priest she stands,
And gripes their trembling entrails in her hands:
At length, the captain of the herd beguil'd
With a cow's skin, by curious art compil'd,
The longing queen obtains her full desire,
And in her infant's form bewrays the sire.

*This* MINOTAUR, *when he came to growth, was inclosed in the Labyrinth, which was made by the curious Arts-master* DEDALUS, *whose tale likewise we thus pursue.*

When Dedalus the labyrinth had built,
In which t' include the queen Pasiphae's guilt,
And that the time was now expired full,
T' inclose the Minotaur, half man, half bull;
Kneeling, he says, just Minos, end my moans,
And let my native soil entomb my bones:
Or if, dread sovereign, I deserve no grace,
Look with a piteous eye on my son's face;
And grant me leave, from whence we are exil'd,
Or pity me, if you deny my child.
This, and much more, he speaks, but all in vain;
The king both son and father will detain:
Which he perceiving says; Now, now, 'tis fit,
To give the world cause to admire my wit:
Both land and sea are watch'd by day and night;
Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight,
Only the air remains; then let us try
To cut a passage thro' the air, and fly.
Jove be auspicious in my enterprize:
I covet not to mount above the skies;
But make this refuge, since I can prepare
No means to fly, my lord, but thro' the air.
Make me immortal, bring me to the brim
Of the black Stygian water Styx, I'll swim.
O! human wit, thou canst invent much ill,
Thou searchest strange arts, who would think, by skill,
A heavy man, like a light bird, should stray,
And thro' the empty heavens find a way?
He placeth in just order all his quills,
Whose bottoms with resolved wax he fills;
Then binds them with a line, and being fast ty'd,
He placeth them like oars on either side.
The tender lad the downy feathers blew,
And what his father meant, he nothing knew.
The wax he fasten'd, with the strings he play'd,
Nor thinking for his shoulders they were made;
To whom his father spake (and then look'd pale)
With these swift ships, we to our land must sail.
All passages doth cruel Minos stop,
Only the empty air he still leaves ope.
That way must we; the land and the rough deep
Doth Minos bar, the air he cannot keep.
But in the way, beware thou set no eye
On the sign Virgo, nor Bootes high:

Look not the black Orion in the face,
That shakes his sword, but just with me keep pace.
Thy wings are now in fast'ning ; follow me,
I will before thee fly ; as thou shalt see
Thy father mount, or stoop, so I aread thee ;
Make me thy guard, and safely I will lead thee.
If we should soar too near great Phœbus' seat,
The melting wax will not endure the heat ;
Or if we fly too near the humid seas,
Our moisten'd wings we cannot shake with ease.
Fly between both, and with the gusts that rise,
Let thy light body sail amidst the skies.
And ever as his little son he charms,
He fits the feathers to his tender arms :
And shows him how to move his body light,
As birds first teach their little young ones flight.
By this he calls to counsel all his wits,
And his own wings unto his shoulders fits :
Being about to rise, he fearful quakes,
And in this new way his faint body shakes.
First, ere he took his flight, he kiss'd his son,
Whilst by his cheeks the brinish waters run.
There was a hillock, not so tow'ring tall
As lofty mountains be, nor yet so small
To be with valleys even, and yet a hill ;
From this, thus both attempt their uncouth skill.
The father moves his wings, and with respect
His eyes upon his wandering son reflect.
They bear a spacious course, and the apt boy,
Fearless of harm, in his new tract doth joy,
And flies more boldly. Now upon them look
The fishermen, that angle in the brook ;
And with their eyes cast upwards, frighted stand.
By this, is Samos isle on their left hand ;
Upon the right, Lebinthos they forsake,
Astypale and the fishy lake ;
Shady Pachine full of woods and groves ;
When the rash youth, too bold and vent'ring roves ;
Loseth his guide, and takes his flight so high,
That the soft wax against the sun doth fry,
And the cords slip that kept the feathers fast,
So that his arms have power upon no blast.
He fearfully from the high clouds looks down
Upon the lower heavens, whose curl'd waves frown
At his ambitious height, and from the skies
He sees black night and death before his eyes.

Still melts the wax ; his naked arms he shakes,
And thinking to catch hold no hold he takes ;
But now the naked lad down headlong falls,
And by the way he, Father, father, calls ;
Help, father, help, I die : and as he speaks,
A violent surge his course of language breaks.
Th' unhappy father (but no father now)
Cries out aloud, son Ic'rus, where art thou ?
Where art thou, Icarus, where dost thou fly ?
Ic'rus, where art ? when lo, he may espy
The feathers swim ; aloud he doth exclaim ;
The earth his bones, the sea still bears his name.

## ACHILLES, HIS CONCEALMENT OF HIS SEX IN THE COURT OF LYCOMEDES.

Now from another world doth sail with joy
A welcome daughter to the king of Troy.
The whilst the Grecians are already come,
(Mov'd with that general wrong 'gainst Ilium)
Achilles in a smock his sex doth smother,
And lays the blame upon his careful mother.
What mak'st thou, great Achilles, teazing wool,
When Pallas in a helm should clasp thy scull ?
What do these fingers with fine threads of gold,
Which were more fit a warlike shield to hold ?
Why should that right hand rock or tow contain,
By which the Trojan Hector must be slain ?
Cast off thy loose veils, and thy armour take,
And in thy hand the spear of Pallas shake,
Thus lady-like he with a lady lay,
Till what he was her belly must bewray ;
Yet was she forc'd (so should we all believe)
Not to be forc'd so, now her heart would grieve.
When he should rise from her, still would she cry,
(For he had arm'd him, and his rock laid by)
And with a soft voice speak : Achilles stay,
It is too soon to rise, lie down, I pray :
And then the man that forc'd her she would kiss :
What force (Deidæmea) call you this ?

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.[5]

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintive story from a sist'ring vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale ;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
  Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
  Storming her words with sorrow's wind and rain :

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortify'd her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
  Nor youth all quit ; but spite of heaven's fell rage,
  Some beauty peep'd thro' lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters ;
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,[6]
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears ;
And often reading what contents it bears :
  As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
  In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
Sometimes diverted, their poor balls are ty'd
To th' orbed earth ; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
  To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
  The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;
For some untuck'd descended her shav'd hat,[7]
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;
Some in her threaden fillet did still bide,
  And true to bondage, would not break from thence,
  Tho' slackly braided in loose negligene.

A thousand favours from a maund[8] she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet ;[9]

[5] I wonder this poem has not attracted the attention of some English painter, the opening being uncommonly picturesque. MALONE.
[6] *Laundering*, wetting. The verb is now obsolete. MALONE.
[7] Read—*Sheav'd* hat, i. e. straw.
[8] A *maund* is a hand basket. The word is still used in Somersetshire.
[9] *Beaded* jet, is jet formed into beads. Baskets made of beads were common since the time of our author. STEEVENS.

Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
Like usury applying wet to wet ;
  Or monarch's hands, that let no bounty fall,
  Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud :
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
  With sleided silk,[9] feat and affectedly
  Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gave a tear ;
Cry'd, O false blood ! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost him bear !
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here !
  This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
  Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man, that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours observed as they flew ;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew :
  And, privileg'd by age, desires to know,
  In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,[t]
And comely distant sits he by her side ;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide ;
If that from him there may be ought apply'd,
  Which may her suffering ecstacy assuage :
  'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, tho' in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
  Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
  Love to myself, and to no love beside.

[9] *Sleided silk* is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weavers slay. *Feat*, is cunningly, nicely. MALONE.
[t] The staff on which the grain of the wood was visible. STEEVENS.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit; it was to gain my grace;
O! one by nature's outward so commended,
That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deify'd.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did inchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear:
And nice affections wavering, stood in doubt
It best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free:
Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storm,
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly tho' they be.
His rudeness so, with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
That horse his mettle from his rider takes;
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his, manag'd by th' well-doing steed?

But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case;
All aids themselves made fairer by their place,

Can for additions yet their purpose trim,
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of arguments and questions deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep.
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will.

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both inchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty following where he haunted;
Consent's bewitched, ere he desire have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects, which abroad they find,
Of lands and mansions theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord, who doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart:
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desir'd, yielded:
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I my honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! however shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill, she must herself assay!
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put thy by-past perils in her way!
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay:

For when we rage, advice is often seen,
By blunting us, to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof:
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms, that preach in our behoof.
O appetite! from judgment stand aloof.
The one a palate hath, that needs will taste,
Tho' reason weep, and cry, it is my last.

For further I could say this man's untrue,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,
Heard where his plants in other orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling:
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adult'rate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid;
What's to you sworn, to none was ever said.
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto;
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow:

All my offences, that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not, with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame, that so their shame did find.
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kept hearts in liveries, but my own was free,
And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancy sent me,
Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring, that they their passions likewise lent me,
Of grief and blushes aptly understood;
In bloodless white, and the encrimson'd mood,

Effects of terror, and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously empleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair;
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems inrich'd;
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality:

The diamond! why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend:
The deep green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend:
The heaven-hued saphyr, and the ophal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affection hot,
Of pensive and subdu'd desires, the tender;
Nature hath charg'd me, that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render:
That is, to you my origin and ender.
For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O! then advance (of yours) that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise?
Take all these smiles unto your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs, shat burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister for you obeys,
Works under you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels, in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctify'd of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun;
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote:
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,[2]
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

[2] By nobles, whose high descent is marked by the number of quarters in their coats of arms. MALONE.

But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mast'ring not what strives?
Playing the place which did no form receive;
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gives!
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
  The scars of battle 'scapeth, by the flight,
  And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O! pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out religious eye:
  Not to be tempted, would she be immured;
  And now to tempt, all liberty procured.

How mighty then are you, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have empty'd all their fountains in my well;
And mine I pour your ocean all among.
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
  Must for your victory us all congest,
  As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun;
Tho' disciplin'd, I dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
  In thee hath neither string, knot, nor confine,
  For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impressest, what are precepts worth,
Of stale example? When thou wilt enflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
  And sweetness in the suffering pang it bears,
  The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant, their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine.
Lending soft audience to my sweet design;
  And credent soul to that strong bonded oath,
  That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

This said, his wat'ry eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights, till then, were levell'd on my face :
Each cheek a river running from a fount,
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
O ! how the channel to the stream gave grace !
  Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses,
  That flame thro' water which their hue incloses.

O, father ! what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear !
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold, that is not warmed here ?
  O, cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath !
  Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I dafft,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears,[3]
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
  All melting, tho' our drops this difference bore,
  His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Apply'd to cautless,[4] all strange forms receives
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness : and he takes and leaves
In either's aptness, as it best deceives :
  To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
  Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows :

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim.
Showing fair nature is both wild and tame :
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim ;
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaim ;
  When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,
  He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,

[3] *Civil* formerly signified grave, decorous, MALONE.

[4] Read *cautels*. Applied to insidious purposes, with subtilty and cunning. MALONE.

Which like a cherubim above them hover'd :
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?
  Ah, me ! I fell : and yet do question make,
  What I should do again for such a sake.

O that infected moisture of his eye !
O that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd !
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly !
O that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd !
O all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd !
  Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
  And new pervert a reconciled maid.

## THE AMOROUS EPISTLE OF PARIS TO HELEN.

  Health unto Leda's daughter, Priam's son
Sends in these lines, whose health cannot be won
But by your gift, in whose power it may lie
To make me whole or sick ; to live or die.
Shall I then speak ? or doth my flame appear
Plain without index ? O ; 'tis that I fear !
My love without discovering smile takes place,
And more than I could wish, shines in my face ;
When I could rather in my thoughts desire
To hide the smoke, till time display the fire :
Time, that can make the fire of love shine clear,
Untroubled with the misty smoke of fear.
But I dissemble it ; for who, I pray,
Can fire conceal ? that will itself betray.
Yet if you look I should affirm that plain
In words, which in my count'nance I maintain,
I burn, I burn, my faults I have confess'd,
My words bear witness how my looks transgress'd.
O ! pardon me, that have confess'd my error,
Cast not upon my lines a look of terror ;
But as your beauty is beyond compare,
Suit unto that your looks (O you most fair !)
That you my letter have receiv'd by this,
The supposition glads me, and I wish
By hope encourag'd, hope that makes me strong,
You will receive me in some sort ere long.
I ask no more, than what the queen of beauty
Hath promis'd me, for you are mine by duty.

By her I claim you, you for me were made,
And she it was my journey did persuade.
Nor, lady, think your beauty vainly sought ;
I by divine instinct was hither brought :
And to this enterprize the heav'nly powers
Have given consent ; the gods proclaim me yours.
I aim at wonders, for I covet you ;
Yet pardon me, I ask but what's my due :
Venus herself my journey hither led,
And gives you freely to my promis'd bed.
Under her conduct safe the seas I past,
Till I arriv'd upon these coasts at last ;
Shipping myself from the Sygean shore,
Whence unto these confines my course I bore.
She made the surges gentle, the winds fair ;
Nor marvel whence these calms proceeded are ;
Needs must she power upon the salt seas have,
That was sea-born, created from a wave.
Still may she stand in her ability,
And as she made the seas with much facility,
To be thro' sail'd ; so may she calm my heat,
And bear my thoughts to their desired seat.
My flames I found not here ; no, I protest,
I brought them with me closed in my breast ;
Myself transported them without attorney ;
Love was the motive to my tedious journey.
Not blust'ring winter when he triumph'd most,
Nor any error, drove me to this coast ;
Not led by fortune, where the rough winds please,
Nor merchant-like for gain cross'd I the seas.
Fulness of wealth in all my fleet I see,
I'm rich in all things, save in wanting thee.
No spoil of petty nations my ship seeks,
Nor land I as a spy among the Greeks.
What need we ? See of all things we have store !
Compar'd with Troy, alas ! your Greece is poor.
For thee I come, thy fame hath thus far driven me,
Whom golden Venus hath by promise given me.
I wish'd thee ere I knew thee, long ago,
Before these eyes dwelt on this glorious show.
I saw thee in my thoughts ; know, beauteous dame,
I first beheld you with the eyes of fame.
Nor marvel, lady, I was struck so far ;
Thus darts or arrows sent from bows of war,
Wound a great distance off ; so was I hit
With a deep smarting wound, that rankles yet.

For so it pleas'd the fates, whom lest you blame,
I'll tell a true tale to confirm the same.

When in my mother's womb full ripe I lay,
Ready the first hour to behold the day,
And she at point to be deliver'd straight,
And to unlade her of her royal freight,
My birth-hour was delay'd, and that sad night
A fearful vision did the queen affright.
In a son's stead, to please the aged sire,
She dreamt she had brought forth a brand of fire.
Frighted she rises and to Priam goes;
To the old king this ominous dream she shows;
He to the priest; the priest doth this return,
That the child born shall stately Ilium burn.
Better than he was 'ware the prophet guess'd,
For lo! a kindled brand flames in my breast.
To prevent fate, a peasant I was held,
Till my fair shape all other swains excell'd,
And gave the doubtful world assurance good,
Your Paris was deriv'd from royal blood.

Amid the Idean fields, there is a place
Remote, full of high trees, which hide the face
Of the green-mantled earth, where in thick rows,
The oak, the elm, the pine, the pitch tree grows.
Here never yet did browse the wanton ewe,
Nor from his plot the slow ox lick the dew.
The savage goat, that feeds among the rocks,
Hath not graz'd here, nor any of their flocks.
Hence the Dardanian walls I might espy,
The lofty towers of Ilium reared high.
Hence I the seas might from the firm land see,
Which to behold, I lean'd me on a tree.
Believe me, for I speak but what is true,
Down from the sky, with feather'd pinions, flew
The nephew to great Atlas, and doth stand,
With golden Caduceus in his hand.
This, as the gods to me thought good to show,
I hold it good that you the same should know.
Three goddesses behind young Hermes move:
Great Juno, Pallas, and the queen of love;
Who as in pomp and pride of gait they pass,
Scarce with their weight they bend the tops of grass.
Amaz'd I start, and endlong stands my hair,

Where Maia's son thus says : Abandon fear,
Thou courteous swain, that to these groves repairest,
And freely judge which of these three is fairest.
And lest I should this curious sentence shun,
He tells me by Jove's sentence all is done ;
And to be judge, I no way can eschew,
This having said, up thro' the air he flew.
I straight took heart-a-grace, and grew more bold ;
And there their beauties one by one behold.
Why am I made the judge to give this doom ?
Methinks all three are worthy to o'ercome.
To injure too such beauties what tongue dare ?
Or prefer one, where they be all so fair ?
Now this seems fairest, now again that other ;
Now would I speak, and now my thoughts I smother :
And yet at length the praise of one most sounded,
And from that one my present love is grounded.
The goddesses, out of their earnest care,
And pride of beauty to be held most fair,
Seek, with large alms, and gifts of wond'rous price,
To their own thoughts my censure to entice.
Juno, the wife of Jove, doth first inchant me ;
To judge her fairest, she a crown will grant me.
Pallas, her daughter, next doth undertake me ;
Give her the prize, and valiant she will make me.
I straight devise which can most pleasure bring,
To be a valiant soldier, or a king.
Last Venus smiling, came with such a grace.
As if she sway'd an empire in her face :
Let not (said she) these gifts the conquest bear,
Combats and kingdoms are both fraught with fear.
I'll give thee what thou lov'st best (lovely swain ;)
The fairest saint that doth on earth remain,
Shall be thine own, make thou the conquest mine,
Fair Leda's fairest daughter shall be thine.
This said when with myself I had devised,
And her rich gift and beauty jointly prized,
Venus the victor, o'er the rest is plac'd ;
Juno and Pallas leave the mount disgrac'd.
Mean time my fate a prosperous course had run,
And by known signs king Priam call'd me son.
The day of my restoring is kept holy
Among the saints' days consecrated solely
To my remembrance, being a day of joy
For ever in the calendars of Troy.

As I wish you, I had been wish'd by others ;
The fairest maids by me would have been mothers :
Of all my favours, I bestow'd not any,
You only may enjoy the loves of many.
Nor by the daughters of great dukes and kings,
Have I alone been sought, whose marriage rings
I have turn'd back ; but by a strain more high,
By nymphs and fairies, such as never die.
No sooner were you promis'd as my due,
But I all hated, to remember you ;
Waking, I saw your image ; if I dreamt,
Your beauteous figure still appear'd to tempt,
And urge this voyage ; still your face excelling,
These eyes beheld my dreams were all of Helen.
Imagine how your face should now incite me,
Being seen, that unseen did so much delight me.
If I was scorch'd so far off from the fire,
How am I burnt to cinders thus much nigher !
Nor could I longer owe myself this treasure,
But through the ocean I must search my pleasure.
The Phrygian hatchets to the roots are put
Of the Idean pines ; asunder cut,
The woodland mountain yielded me large fees,
Being despoil'd of all their tallest trees.
From whence we have squar'd out unnumber'd beams,
That must be wash'd within the marine streams.
The grounded oaks are bow'd, tho' stiff as steel,
And to the tough ribs in the bending keel
Woven by shipwright's craft ; then the main-mast,
Across whose middle is the sail yard plac'd,
Tackles and sails ; and next you may discern
Our painted gods upon the hooked stern :
The god that bears me on my happy way,
And is my guide, is Cupid. Now the day
In which the last stroke of the hammer's heard
Within our navy, in the east appear'd :
And I must now launch forth (so the fates please)
To seek adventures in the Ægean seas.
My father and my mother move delay,
And by intreaties would inforce my stay :
They hang about my neck, and with their tears
Woo me, defer my journey ; but their fears
Can have no power to keep me from thy sight :
And now Cassandra, full of sad affright,

With loose dishevel'd trammels, madly skips,
Just in the way betwixt me and my ships :
O whither wilt thou headlong run ? she cries ;
Thou bearest fire with thee, whose smoke up-flies
Unto the heavens (O Jove !) thou little fearest
What quenchless flames thou thro' the water bearest.
Cassandra was too true a prophetess ;
Her quenchless flame[5] she spake of (I confess :)
My hot desires burn in my breast so fast,
That no red furnace hotter flames can cast.

I pass the city-gates, my bark I board ;
The favourable winds calm gales afford,
And fill my sails : unto your land I steer,
For whither else his course should Paris bear ?
Your husband entertains me as his guest,
And all this happ'neth by the gods behest.
He shows me all his pastures, parks, and fields,
And every rare thing Lacedæmon yields.
He holds himself much pleased with my being,
And nothing hides that he esteems worth seeing.
I am on fire, till I behold your face,
Of all Achaia's kingdom the sole grace.
All other curious objects I defy ;
Nothing but Helen can content mine eye :
Whom when I saw, I stood transform'd with wonder,
Senseless, as one struck dead by Jove's sharp thunder
As I revive, my eyes I roll and turn,
Whilst my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burn :
Even so, as I remember, look'd love's queen,
When she was last in Phrygian Ida seen ;
Unto which place by fortune I was train'd,
Where by my censure, she the conquest gain'd.
But had you made a fourth in that contention,
Of Venus' beauty there had been no mention :
Helen assuredly had borne from all
The prize of beauty the bright golden ball.

Only of you may this your kingdom boast,
By you it is renown'd in every coast :
Rumour hath every where your beauty blaz'd :
In what remote clime is not Helen prais'd ?
From the bright eastern sun's up-rise, inquire,
Even to his downfal, where he slakes his fire ;

[5] We should read—*The* quenchless flames, &c.

There lives not any of your sex that dare
Contend with you that are proclaim'd so fair.
Trust me ; for truth I speak : nay, what's most true,
Too sparingly the world hath spoke of you.
Fame, that hath undertook your name to blaze,
Play'd but the envious housewife in your praise.
More than report could promise, or fame blazon,
Are these divine perfections that I gaze on :
These were the same that made duke Theseus lavish,
Who in thy prime and nonage did thee ravish :
And worthy rape for such a worthy man !
Thrice happy ravisher ! to seize thee then,
When thou wert stript stark naked to the skin ;
A sight of force to make the gods to sin.
Such is your country's guise, at seasons when
With naked ladies they mix'd naked men.
That he did steal thee from thy friends, I praise him;
And for that deed, I to the heavens will raise him.
That he return'd thee back, by Jove, I wonder ;
Had I been Theseus, he that should asunder
Have parted thus, or snatch'd thee from my bed,
First from my shoulders should have par'd my head :
So rich a purchase, such a glorious prey,
Should constantly have been detain'd for aye.
Could these my strong arms possibly unclasp,
Whilst in their amorous folds they Helen grasp ?
Neither by forc'd constraint, nor by free giving,
Could you depart that compass, and I living.
But if by rough inforce I must restore you,
Some fruits of love (which I so long have bore you,)
I first would reap, and some sweet favour gain,
That all my suit were not bestow'd in vain.
Either with me you shall abide and stay,
Or for your pass your maidenhead should pay :
Or say, I spar'd you that, yet would I try
What other favour I could else come by ;
All that belongs to love I would not miss,
You should not let me both to clip and kiss.

Give me your heart, fair queen, my heart you owe,
And what my resolution is you know.
Till the last fire, my breathless body take,
The fire within my breast can never slake.
Before large kingdoms I preferr'd your face,

And Juno's love, and potent gifts disgrace ;
To fold you in my amorous arms I choos'd,
And Pallas' virtues scornfully refus'd ;
When they, with Venus on the hill of Ide,
Made me the judge their beauties to decide.
Nor do I yet repent me, having took
Beauty ; and strength, and scepter'd rule forsook :
Methinks I choos'd the best (nor think it strange)
I still persist, and never mean to change.
Only that my employment be not vain,
(O ! you more worth than any empire's gain !)
Let me intreat : lest you my birth should scorn,
Or parentage, know, I am royal born :
By marrying me, you shall not wrong your state,
Nor be a wife to one degenerate.
Search the records where we did first begin,
And you shall find the Pleiads of our kin ;
Nay, Jove himself all others to forbear
That in our stock renowned princes were.
My father of all Asia reigns sole king,
Whose boundless coast scarce any feather'd wing
Can give a girdle to ; a happier land,
A neighbour to the ocean cannot stand.
There in a narrow compass you may see
Cities and towers more than may number'd be ;
The houses gilt, rich temples that excel,
And you will say, I near the great gods dwell.
You shall behold high Ilium's lofty towers,
And Troy's brave walls, built by no mortal powers ;
But made by Phœbus, the great god of fire,
And by the touch of his melodious lyre.
Ask if we have people to inhabit, when
The sad earth groans to bear such troops of men ;
Judge, Helen, likewise when you come to land,
The Asian woman shall admiring stand,
Saluting thee with welcome, more and less,
In pressing throngs, and numbers numberless.
More, that our courts can hold of you (most fair)
You to yourself will say, Alas ! how bare
And poor Achaia is ! when, with great pleasure,
You see each house contain a city's treasure.

Mistake me not, I Sparta do not scorn,
I hold the land blest where my love was born :

Tho' barren else, rich Sparta Helen bore,
And therefore I that province must adore ;
Yet is your land, methinks, but lean and empty,
You worthy of a clime that flows with plenty :
Full Troy I prostrate, it is yours by duty ;
This petty seat becomes not your rich beauty.
Attendance, preparation, curt'sy, state,
Fit such a heavenly form ; on which should wait
Cost, fresh variety, delicious diet,
Pleasure, contentment, and luxurious riot.
What ornaments we use, what fashions feign,
You may perceive by me and my proud train.
Thus we attire our men ; but with more cost
Of gold and pearl, the rich gowns are imbost
Of our chief ladies ; guess by what you see,
You may be soon induc'd to credit me.

Be tractable, fair Spartan, nor contemn
A Trojan born, deriv'd from royal stem ;
He was a Trojan. and ally'd to Hector,
That waits upon Jove's cup, and fills his nectar.
A Trojan did the fair Aurora wed,
And nightly slept within her roseate bed.
The goddess that ends night, and enters day,
From our fair Trojan coast stole him away.
Anchises was a Trojan, whom love's queen
(Making the trees of Ida a thick skreen
'Twixt heaven and her) oft lay with. View me well,
I am a Trojan too, in Troy I dwell.
Thy husband Menelaus hither bring,
Compare our shapes, our years, and every thing ;
I make you judgess, wrong me if you can ;
You needs must say, I am the properer man.
None of my line hath turn'd the sun to blood,
And robb'd his steeds of their ambrosial food.
My father grew not from the Caucase' rock,
Nor shall I graft you in a bloody stock.
Priam ne'er wrong'd the guiltless soul, or further,
Made the Myrtean sea look red with murder ;
Nor thirsteth my great grand-sire in the lake
Of Lethe, chin-deep, yet no thirst can slake ;
Nor after ripen'd apples vainly skips,
Who fly him still, and yet still touch his lips.
But what of this ? if you be so deriv'd,
You, notwithstanding, are no right depriv'd :

You grace your stock, and being so divine,
Jove is of force compell'd into your line.

O, mischief! whilst I vainly speak of this,
Your husband, all unworthy of such bliss,
Enjoys you this long night, enfolds your waist,
And where he lists, may boldly touch and taste.
So when you sat at table, many a toy,
Passeth between you, my vex'd soul t' annoy.
At such high feasts I wish my enemy sit,
Where discontent attends on every bit.
I never yet was plac'd at any feast,
But oft it irk'd me that I was your guest.
That which offends me most, thy rude lord knows;
For still his arms about thy neck he throws.
Which I no sooner spy, but I grow mad,
And hate the man whose courting makes me sad,
Shall I be plain? I'm ready to sink down,
When I behold him wrap you in his gown;
When you sit smiling on his amorous knee,
His fingers press where my hands itch to be.
But when he hugs you, I am forc'd to frown;
The meat I'm eating will by no means down,
But sticks half way: amidst these discontents,
I have observ'd you laugh at my laments,
And with a scornful, yet a wanton smile,
Deride my sighs and groans. Oft to beguile
My passions, and to quench my fiery rage,
By quaffing healths, I've thought my flame t' assuage;
But Bacchus' full cups make my flames burn higher,
Add wine to love, and you add fire to fire.
To shun the sight of many a wanton feat,
Betwixt your lord and you, I shift my seat,
And turn my head; but thinking of your grace,
Love screws my head to gaze back on your face.
What were I best to do? to see you play,
Mads me, and I perforce must turn away;
And to forbear the place where you abide,
Would kill me dead, should I but start aside:
As much as lies in me, I strive to bury
The shape of love, and in mirth's spite seem merry.
But O! the more I seek it to suppress,
The more my blabbing looks my love profess.

You know my love which I in vain should hide ;
Would God, it did appear to none beside !
O, Jove ! how often have I turn'd my cheek,
To hide th' apparent tears, that passage seek
From forth my eyes, and to a corner stept,
Lest any man should ask wherefore I wept.
How often have I told you piteous tales,
Of constant lovers, and how love prevails ?
When such great heed to my discourse I took,
That every accent suited to your look.
In forged names myself I represented ;
The lover so perplex'd and so tormented ;
If you will know, behold I am the same ;
Paris was meant in that true lover's name.
As often, that I might the more securely,
Speak loose immodest words, that sound impurely,
That they offenceless might your sweet ears touch,
I've lispt them up, like one had drunk too much.
Once I remember, your loose veil betray'd
Your naked skin, and a fair passage made
To my enamour'd eye : O ! skin much brighter
Than snow, or purest milk, in colour whiter
Than your fair mother, Læda, when Jove grac'd her,
And in the shape of feather'd swan embrac'd her.
Whilst at this ravishing sight I stood amaz'd,
And without interruption freely gaz'd,
The wreathed handle of the bowl I grasp'd,
Fell from my hold, my strengthless hand unclasp'd.
A goblet at that time I held by chance,
And down it fell, for I was in a trance.
Kiss your fair daughter, and to her I skip,
And snatch your kisses from your sweet child's lip.
Sometimes I throw myself along, and lie,
Singing love-songs ; and if you cast your eye
On my effeminate gestures, I still find
Some pretty cover'd signs to speak my mind ;
And then my earnest suit bluntly invades
Æthra and Climene, your two chief maids,
But they return me answers full of fear,
And to my motions lend no further ear.
O ! that you were the prize of some great strife,
And he that wins might claim you for his wife.
Hypomenes with swift Atlanta ran,
And at one course the goal and lady won ;

Even she, by whom so many suitors perish'd,
Was in the bosom of her new love cherish'd.
So Hercules for Dejaneira strove,
Brake Achelous' horn, and gain'd his love,
Had I such liberty, such freedom granted,
My resolution never could be daunted.
Yourself should find, and all the world should see,
Helen a prize alone reserv'd for me.
There is not left me any means (most fair)
To court you now, but by intreats and prayer ;
Unless (as it becomes me) you think meet,
That I should prostrate fall, and kiss your feet,
O ! all the honour that our last age wins,
Thou glory of the two Tindarian twins !
Worthy to be Jove's wife, in heaven to reign,
Were you not Jove's own daughter, of his strain.
To the Sygean confines I will carry thee,
And in the temple of great Pallas, marry thee ;
Or in this island, where I vent my moans,
I'll beg a tomb for my exiled bones.
My wound is not a slight raze with an arrow,
But it hath pierc'd my heart, and burnt my marrow.
This prophecy my sister oft hath sounded,
That by an heavenly dart I should be wounded.
O ! then forbear (fair Helen !) to oppose you
Against the gods, they say, I shall not lose you.
Yield you to their behest, and you shall find
The gods to your petitions likewise kind.
A thousand things at once are in my brain,
Which that I may essentially complain,
And not in papers empty all my head,
Anon at night receive me to your bed.
Blush you at this ? or, lady, do you fear
To violate the nuptial laws austere ?
O, simple Helen ! foolish I might say,
What profit reap you to be chaste, I pray ?
Is't possible, that you a world to win,
Should keep that face, that beauty, without sin ?
Rather you must your glorious face exchange
For one (less fair) or else not seem so strange.
Beauty and chastity at variance are ;
'Tis hard to find one woman chaste and fair.
Venus will not have beauty over-aw'd,
High Jove himself, stolen pleasures will applaud ;

And by such thievish pastimes we may gather
How Jove 'gainst wedlock's laws became your father.
He and your mother Læda both transgress'd :
When you were got, she bare a tender breast.
What glory can you gain love-sweets to smother ?
Or to be counted chaster than your mother ?
Profess strict chastity, when with great joy,
I lead you as my bride espous'd through Troy.
Then I entreat you rein your pleasures in ;
I wish thy Paris may be all thy sin.
If Cytherea her firm covenant keep,
Tho' I within your bosom nightly sleep,
We shall not much misdo, but so offend,
That we by marriage may our guilt amend.

Your husband hath himself this business aided,
And (tho' not with his tongue) he hath persuaded,
By all his deeds (as much) lest he should stay
Our private meetings, he is far away,
Of purpose rid unto the farthest West,
That he might leave his wife unto his guest.
No fitter time he could have found to visit
The Chrisean royal sceptre, and to seize it.
O simple, simple husband ! but he's gone,
And going, left you this to think upon.
Fair wife (quoth he) I pr'ythee in my place
Regard the Trojan prince, and do him grace.
Behold, a witness I against you stand,
You have been careless of this kind command.
Count from his first day's journey, never since
Did you regard or grace the Trojan prince.
What think you of your husband ? that he knows
The worth and value of the face he owes ?
Who (but a fool) such beauty would endanger ?
Or trust it to the mercy of a stranger ?
Then, royal queen ! if neither may intreat,
My quenchless passion, nor love's raging heat
Can win you : we are woo'd both to this crime,
Even by the fit advantage of the time :
Either to love sweet sport we must agree,
Or show ourselves to be worse fools than he.
He took you by the hand the hour he rode,
And knowing I with you must make abode,
Brings you to me : what should I further say ?
It was his mind to give you quite away.

What meant he else? then let's be blythe and jolly,
And make the best use of your husband's folly.
What should we do? your husband is far gone,
And this cold night, (poor soul) you lie alone.
I want a bed-fellow, so do we either,
What lets us then, but that we lie together?
You slumb'ring think on me, on you I dream;
Both our desires are fervent and extreme.
Sweet, then appoint the night, why do you stay?
O night! more clear than e'en the brightest day.
Then I dare freely speak, protest, and swear,
And of my vows the gods shall record bear.
Then will I seal the contract and the strife;
From that day forward we are man and wife:
Then questionless I shall so far persuade,
That you with me shall Troy's rich coast invade,
And with your Phrygian guest at last agree,
Our potent kingdom, and rich crown to see.
But if you (blushing) fear the vulgar bruit,
That says you follow me, to me make suit,
Fear it not, Helen; I'll so work with fame,
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke Theseus was my instance, and so were
Your brothers, lady; can I come more near,
To ensample my attempts by? Theseus hal'd
Helen perforce: your brothers they prevail'd
With the Lucippian sisters: now from these,
I'll count myself the fourth (if Helen please.)
Our Trojan navy rides upon the coast,
Rigg'd, arm'd, and mann'd, and I can proudly boast,
The banks are high, why do you longer stay?
The winds and oars are ready to make way.
You shall be like a high majestic queen,
Led thro' the Dardan city, and be seen
By millions, who your state having commended,
Will (wond'ring) swear some goddess is descended.
Where'er you walk the priests shall incense burn;
No way you shall your eye or body turn,
But sacrificed beasts the ground shall beat,
And bright religious fires the welkin heat.
My father, mother, brothes, sisters, all
Ilium and Troy in pomp majestical,
Shall with rich gifts present you, (but alas!)
Not the least part (so far they do surpass)

Can my epistle speak ; you may behold
More than my words or writings can unfold.

Nor fear the bruit of war, or threat'ning steel,
When we are fled, to dog us at the heel ;
Or that all Grecia will their powers unite :
Of many ravish'd, can you one recite
Whom war repurchas'd ? These be idle fears ;
Rough blustering Boreas fair Orithea bears
Unto the land of Thrace, yet Thrace still free,
And Athens raîs'd no rude hostility.
In winged Pegasus did Jason sail ;
And from great Colchos he Medea steal :
Yet Thessaly you see can show no scar
Of former wounds in the Thessalian war.
He that first ravish'd you, in such a fleet
As ours is, Ariadne brought from Crete.
Yet Minos and duke Theseus were agreed ;
About that quarrel not a breast did bleed.
Less is the danger (trust me) than the fear,
That in these vain and idle doubts appear.
But say, rude war should be proclaim'd at length,
Know I am valiant and have sinewy strength.
The weapons that I use are apt to kill :
Asia besides more spacious fields can fill
With armed men, than Greece. Amongst us are
More perfect soldiers, more beasts apt for war.
Nor can thy husband Menelaus be
Of any high spirit and magnanimity ;
Or so well prov'd in arms : for, Helen, I,
Being but a lad, have made my enemies fly ;
Regain'd the prey from out the hands of thieves,
Who had despoil'd our herds, and stolen our beeves.
By such adventures I my name obtain'd :
(Being but a lad) the conquest I have gain'd
Of young men in their prime, who much could do ;
Deiphobus, Ilioneus too
I have o'ercome in many sharp contentions :
Nor think these are my vain and forg'd inventions ;
Or that I only hand to hand can fight ;
My arrows when I please shall touch the white :
I am expert i' th' quarry and the bow ;
You cannot boast your heartless husband so.
Had you the power in all things to supply me,

And should you nothing in the world deny me ;
To give me such a Hector to my brother,
You could not, the earth bears not such another.
By him alone all Asia is well mann'd ;
He like an enemy 'gainst Greece shall stand ;
Oppos'd to your best fortunes, wherefore strive you ?
You do not know his valour that must wive you,
Or what hid worth is in me ; but at length
You will confess when you have prov'd my strength.
Thus either war shall still our steps pursue,
Or Greece shall fall in Troy's all-conquering view.
Nor would I fear for such a royal wife,
To set the universal world at strife.
To gain rich prizes men will venture far ;
The hope of purchase makes us bold in war.
If all the world about you should contend,
Your name should be eterniz'd without end ;
Only be bold ; and fearless may we sail
Into my country with a prosperous gale !
If the gods grant me my expected day,
It to the full shall all these covenants pay.

### HELEN TO PARIS.

No sooner came mine eye unto the sight
Of thy rude lines, but I must needs re-write.
Dar'st thou (O shameless) in such heinous wise,
The laws of hospitality despise ?
And being a stranger from thy conntry's reach,
Solicit a chaste wife to wedlock's breach ?
Was it for this our free Tænarian port
Receiv'd thee and thy train, in friendly sort ;
And when great Neptune nothing could appease,
Gave thee fair harbour from the stormy seas ;
Was it for this our kingdom's arms spread wide
To entertain thee from the water side ?
Yet thou of foreign soil remote from hence,
A stranger, coming we scarce know from whence,
Is perjur'd, wrong the recompence of right ?
Is all our friendship guerdon'd with despite ;
I doubt me then, whether in our court doth tarry
A friendly guest, or a fierce adversary,
Nor blame me, for if justly you consider,
And these presumptions well compare together,
So simple my complaint will not appear,

But you yourself must needs excuse my fear.
Well, hold me simple, much it matters not,
Whilst I preserve my chaste name far from spot?
For when I seem touch'd with a bashful shame,
It shews how highly I regard my fame.
When I seem sad, my countenance is not feign'd;
And when I lour, my look is unconstrain'd.
But say my brow be cloudy, my name's clear,
And reverently you shall of Helen hear.
No man from me adulterate spoils can win;
For to this hour I've sported without sin;
Which makes me in my heart the more to wonder,
What hope you have in time to bring me under;
Or from mine eye what comfort thou canst gather,
To pity thee, and not despise thee rather.
Because once Theseus hurry'd me from hence,
And did to me a kind of violence;
Follows it therefore, I am of such price,
That ravish'd once, I should be ravish'd twice?
Was it my fault, because I striv'd in vain,
And wanted strength his fury to restrain?
He flatter'd, and spake fair, I struggled still;
And what he got, was much against my will.
Of all his toil, he reap'd no wished fruit,
For with my wrangling I withstood his suit.
At length I was restor'd, untouch'd, and clear;
In all my rape, I suffer'd nought but fear;
A few untoward kisses he (Got wot)
Dry, without relish by much striving got,
And them with much ado. and to his cost,
Of further favours he could never boast;
I doubt your purpose aims at greater blisses,
And hardly would alone be pleas'd with kisses.
Thou hast some further aim, and seek'st to do,
What, Jove defend, I should consent unto.
He bore not thy bad mind, but did restore me
Unblemish'd to the place from whence he bore me.
The youth was bashful, and thy boldness lack'd,
And, 'tis well known, repented his bold fact;
Theseus repented, so should Paris do,
Succeed in love, and in repentance too.
Nor am I angry; who can angry be
With him that loves her? If your heart agree
With your kind words, your suit I could applaud,
So I were sure you lines were void of fraud,

I cast not those strange doubts, or this dispense,
Like one that were bereft of confidence ;
Not that I with myself am in disgrace,
Or do not know the beauty of my face ;
But because too much trust hath damag'd such
As have believ'd men in their loves too much.
And now the general tongue of women saith,
Men's words are full of treason, void of faith.

Let others sin, and hours of pleasure waste,
'Tis rare to find the sober matron chaste.
Why ? Say it be that sin prevails with fair ones,
May not my name be rank'd among the rare ones ?
Because my mother Læda was beguil'd,
Must I stray too, that am her eldest child ?
I must confess my mother made a rape,
But Jove beguil'd her in a borrow'd shape.
When she (poor soul) nor dreamt of god nor man,
He trod her like a milk-white feather'd swan.
She was deceiv'd by error ; if I yield
To your unjust request, nothing can shield
Me from reproach ; I cannot plead concealing ;
'Twas in her, error ; 'tis in me, plain dealing.
She happily err'd ; he that her honour spilt,
Had in himself full power to salve the guilt.
Her error happy'd me too (I confess)
If to be Jove's child be a happiness.

T' omit high Jove, of whom I stand in awe,
As the great grand-sire to our father-in law ;
To pass the kin I claim from Tantalus,
From Pelops, and from noble Tindarus ;
Læda by Jove, in shape of swan, beguil'd,
Herself so chang'd, and by him made with child,
Prove Jove my father. Then you idly strive,
Your name from gods and princes to derive.
What need you of old Priam make relation,
Laomedon, or your great Phrygian nation ;
Say all be true ; what then ? He of whom most
To be of your alliance you so boast,
Jove (five degrees at least) from you remov'd,
To be the first from me, is plainly prov'd.
And tho' (as I believ'd well) Troy may stand
Powerful at sea, and full of strength by land ;

And no dominion to your state superior,
I hold our clime nothing to Troy inferior.
Say, you in riches pass us, or in number
Of people, whom you boast your streets to cumber;
Yet yours a barbarous nation is, I tell you,
And in that kind do we of Greece excel you.
Your rich epistle doth such gifts present,
As might the goddesses themselves content,
And woo them to your pleasure: but if I
Shall pass the bounds of shame, and tread awry;
If ever you should put me to my shifts,
Yourself should move me more than all your gifts,
Or if I ever shall transgress by stealth,
It shall be for your sake, not for your wealth.
But as your gifts I scorn not, so such seem
Most precious, where the giver we esteem.
More than your presents it shall Helen please,
That you for her have past the stormy seas;
That she hath caus'd your toil, that you respect her,
And more than all your Trojan dames affect her.

But you're a wag in troth; the notes and signs
You make at table, in the meats and wines,
I have observ'd, when I least seem'd to mind them,
For at the first my curious eye did find them.
Sometimes (you wanton) your fix'd eye advances
His brightness against mine, darting sweet glances,
Out-gazing me with such a steadfast look,
That my dazzl'd eyes their splendour have forsook;
And then you sigh, and by and by you stretch
Your amorous arm outright, the bowl to reach
That next me stands, making excuse to sip
Just in the self-same place that kiss'd my lip.
How oft have I observ'd your finger make
Tricks and conceited signs, which straight I take?
How often doth your brow your smooth thoughts cloke;
When, to my seeming, it hath almost spoke?
And still I fear'd my husband would have spy'd you;
In troth you are to blame, and I must chide you.
You are too manifest a lover (tush)
At such known signs I could not choose but blush;
And to myself I oft was forc'd to say,
This man at nothing shames. Is this (I pray)
Ought, save the truth? Oft times upon the board

Where Helen was engraven, you the word
Amo have underwrit, in new-spilt wine ;
(Good sooth) at first I could not scan the line,
Nor understand your meaning. Now (O ! spite)
Myself am now taught so to read and write
Should I offend, as sin to me is strange,
These blandishments have power chaste thoughts to change.
Or if I could be mov'd to step astray,
These would provoke me to lascivious play :
Besides, I must confess, you have a face
So admirable rare, so full of grace,
That it hath power to woo, and to make seizure
Of the most bright chaste beauties to your pleasure.
Yet had I rather stainless keep my fame,
Than to a stranger hazard my good name.
Make me your instance, and forbear the fair ;
Of that which most doth please you, make most spare.
The greatest virtues, of which wise men boast,
Is to obtain from that which pleaseth most.
How many gallant youths (think you) desire
That which you covet, scorch'd with the self-same fire ?
Are all the world fools ? only Paris wise ?
Or is there none, save you, have judging eyes ?
No, no, you view no more than others see,
But you are plainer and more bold with me.
You are more earnest to pursue your game ;
I yield you not more knowledge, but less shame.
I would to God that you had sail'd from Troy,
When my virginity and bed t' enjoy,
A thousand gallant princely suitors came :
Had I beheld young Paris, I proclaim,
Of all those thousand I had made you chief,
And Spartan Menelaus, to his grief,
Should to my censure have subscrib'd and yielded.
But now (alas !) your hopes are weakly builded ;
You covet goods possess'd, pleasures foretasted ;
Tardy you come, that should before have hasted ;
What you desire, another claims as due :
As I could wish t' have been espous'd to you,
So let me tell you, since it is my fate,
I hold me happy in my present state.
Then cease, fair prince, an idle suit to move,
Seek not to harm her whom you seem to love.
In my contented state let me be guided,

As both my states and fortunes have provided;
Nor in so vain a quest your spirits toil,
To seek at my hands an unworthy spoil.

But see how soon poor women are deluded,
Venus herself this covenant hath concluded:
For in th' Idean vallies you espy
Three goddesses, stripp'd naked to your eye;
And when the first had promis'd you a crown,
The second fortitude and war's renown;
The third bespake you thus; Crown, nor war's pride,
Will I bequeath, but Helen to thy bride.
I scarce believe, those high immortal creatures
Would to your eye expose their naked features.
Or say the first part of your tale be pure,
And meet with truth, the second's false I'm sure;
In which poor I was thought the greatest meed,
In such a high cause by the gods decreed.
I have not of my beauty such opinion,
T' imagine it preferr'd before dominion,
Or fortitude; nor can your words persuade me,
The greatest gift of all the goddess made me.
It is enough to me men praise my face,
But from the gods I merit no such grace:
Nor doth the praise you charge me with, offend me,
If Venus do not enviously commend me,
But lo! I grant you, and imagine true,
Your free report, claiming your praise as due.
Who would in pleasing things call fame a liar,
But give that credit which we most desire?
That we have mov'd these doubts, be not you griev'd,
The greatest wonders are the least believ'd:
Know then, I first am pleas'd that Venus ought me
Such undeserved grace; next that you thought me
The greatest meed. Nor sceptre, nor war's fame,
Did you prefer before poor Helen's name.
(Hard heart! 'tis time thou should'st at last come down)
Therefore I am your valour, I your crown,
Your kindness conquers me, do what I can;
I were hard-hearted not to love this man.
Obdurate I was never, and yet coy
To favour him whom I can ne'er enjoy,
What profits it the barren sands to plough,
And in the furrows our affections sow?

In the sweet theft of Venus I am rude,
And know not how my husband to delude.
Now I these love-lines write, my pen, I vow,
Is a new office taught, not known till now.
Happy are they, that in this trade have skill;
Alas! I am a fool, and shall be still;
And having till this hour not stepp'd astray,
Fear in these sports lest I should miss my way.
The fear (no doubt) is greater than the blame;
I stand confounded, and amaz'd with shame;
And with the very thought of what you seek,
Think every eye fix'd on my guilty cheek.
Nor are these suppositions merely vain,
The murmuring people whisperingly complain;
And my maid Æthra hath, by list'ning slily,
Brought me such news, as touch'd mine honour highly.
Wherefore (dear lord) dissemble or desist;
Being over-ey'd, we cannot as we list
Fashion our sports, our loves' pure harvest gather;
But why should you desist? Dissemble rather.
Sport, but in secret; sport where none may see:
The greater, but not greatest liberty
Is limited to our lascivious play,
That Menelaus is far hence away.
My husband about great affairs is posted,
Leaving his royal guest securely hosted;
His business was important and material,
Being employ'd about a crown imperial.
And as he is now mounted on his steed,
Ready on his long journey to proceed,
Even as he questions to depart or stay,
Sweet-heart (quoth I) O! be not long away.
With that he reach'd me a sweet parting kiss,
(How loth he was to leave me guess by this:)
Farewell, fair wife (saith he) bend all thy cares
To my domestic business, home affairs;
But as the thing that I affection best,
Sweet wife, look well unto my Trojan guest.
It was no sooner out, but with much pain
My itching spleen from laughter I restrain;
Which striving to keep in, and bridle still,
At length I rung forth these few words, *I will.*
He's on his journey to the isle of Crete,
But think not we may therefore safely meet:

He is so absent, that as present I
Am still within his reach, his ear, his eye ;
And tho' abroad, his power at home commands,
For know you not kings have long reaching hands ?
The fame for beauty you besides have given me,
Into a great exigent hath driven me.
The more your commendation fill'd his ear,
The more just cause my husband hath to fear ;
Nor marvel you the king hath left me so,
Into remote and foreign climes to go :
Much confidence he dares repose in me,
My carriage, 'haviour, and my modesty ;
My beauty he mistrusts, my heart relies in ;
My face he fears, my chaste life he affies in.

To take time now when time is, you persuade me,
And with his apt fit absence you invade me :
I would but fear, nor is my mind well set :
My will would further what my fear doth let.
I have no husband here, and you no wife ;
I love your shape, your mien, dear as your life.
The nights seem long to such as sleep alone ;
Our letters meet to interchange our moan.
You judge me beauteous, I esteem you fair,
Under one roof we lovers lodged are.
And (let me die) but every thing consider,
Each thing persuades us we shall lie together.
Nothing we see molests us, nought we hear,
And yet my forward will is slack thro' fear,
I would to God, that what you ill persuade,
You could as well compel ; so I were made
Unwilling willing, pleasingly abus'd,
So my simplicity might be excus'd.
Injury's force is oft-times wond'rous pleasing ;
To such as suffer ease in their diseasing ;
If what I will, you 'gainst my will should do,
I wish such force could be well pleased too.

But whilst our love is young and in the bud,
Suffer his infant vigour be withstood :
A flame new kindled is as easily quench'd,
And sudden sparks in little drops are drench'd.
A traveller's love is, like himself, unstay'd,
And wanders where he walks ; it is not laid
On any firmer ground ; for when we alone

Think him to us, the wind blows fair, he's gone:
Witness Hypsipile, alike betray'd ;
Witness with her the bright Mynoyan maid ;
Nay then yourself, as you yourself have spoken,
To fair Oenone have your promise broken.
Since I beheld your face first, my desire
Hath been, of Trojan Paris to inquire.
I know you now in every true respect,
I'll grant you thus much then, say you affect
Me (whom you term your own.) I'll go thus far ;
Do not the Phrygian mariners prepare
Their sails and oars, ev'n now whilst we recite
Exchange of words about the wished night ?
Say that even now you were prepar'd to climb
My long-wish'd bed, just at the appointed time
The wind should alter, and blow fair for Troy,
You must break off, in midst of all your joy,
And leave me in the infancy of pleasure ;
Amid my riches, I shall lose my treasure.
You will forsake the sweets my bed affords,
T' exchange for cabins, hatches, and pitch'd boards.
Then what a fickle courtship you commence,
When, with the first wind, all your love blows hence ?
But shall I follow you when you are gone,
And be the grandchild to Laomedon !
And Ilium see, whose beauty you proclaim !
I do not so despise the bruit of fame,
That she to whom I am in debt such thanks,
Should fill the earth with such adulterate pranks.
What will Achaia, what will Sparta say ?
What will your Troy report, and Asia ?
What my old Priam, or his reverend queen ?
What may your sisters, having Helen seen,
Or your Dardanian brothers deem of me ?
Will they not blame my loose inchastity ?
Nay, how can you yourself faithful deem me,
And not amongst the loosest dames esteem me ?
No stranger shall your Asian ports come near,
But he shall fill your guilty soul with fear.
How often, angry at some small offence,
Will you thus say : Adult'ress, get thee hence !
Forgetting you yourself have been the chief
In my transgression, tho' not in my grief.
Consider what it is, forgetful lover,

To be sin's author, and sin's sharp reprover.
But ere the least of all these ills betide me,
I wish the earth may in her bosom hide me.

But I shall all your Phrygian wealth possess,
And more than your epistle can express:
Gifts, woven gold, embroidery, rich attire,
Purple and plate, or what I can desire.
Yet give me leave, think you all this extends
To countervail the loss of my chief friends?
Whose friendship, or whose age shall I employ
To succour me, when I am wrong'd in Troy?
Or whether can I, having thus misdone,
Unto my father, or my brothers run?
As much as you to me, false Jason swore
Unto Medea, yet from Æson's door
He after did exile her. Now, poor heart,
Where is thy father that should take thy part?
Old Ætes or Calciope? Thou took'st
No aid from them, whom thou before forsook'st.
Or say thou didst (alas! they cannot hear
Thy sad complaint) yet I no such thing fear;
No more Medea did: good hopes engage
Themselves so far, they fail in their presage.
You see the ships that in the main are toss'd
And many times by tempests wreck'd and lost,
Had at their launching from the haven's mouth,
A smooth sea, and a calm gale from the south.
Besides the brand your mother dreamt she bare,
The night before your birth breeds me fresh care.
It prophecy'd, ere many years expire,
Inflamed Troy must burn with Greekish fire.
As Venus favours you, because she gain'd
A doubtful prize by you; yet the disdain'd
And vanquish'd goddesses, disgrac'd so late,
May bear you hard; I therefore fear their hate.
Nor make no question, but if I consort you,
And for a ravisher our Greece report you;
War will be wag'd with Troy, and you shall rue
The sword (alas!) your conquest shall pursue.
When Hypodamia, at her bridal feast,
Was rudely ravish'd by her Centaur guest;
Because the savages the bride durst seize,
War grew betwixt them and the Lapythes.
Or think you Menelaus hath no spleen?

Or that he hath not power to avenge his teen ?
Or that old Tyndarus this wrong can smother ?
Or the two famous twins, each lov'd of other ?

So were your valour and rare deeds you boast,
And warlike spirits in which you triumph'd most ;
By which you have attain'd 'mongst soldiers grace,
None will believe you, that but sees your face,
Your feature, and fair shape, is fitter far
For amorous courtships, than remorseless war.
Let rough-hew'd soldiers warlike dangers prove,
'Tis pity Paris should do ought, save love.
Hector (whom you so praise) for you may fight ;
I'll find you war to skirmish every night,
Which shall become you better. Were I wise,
And bold withal, I might obtain the prize :
In such sweet single combats, hand to hand,
'Gainst which no woman that is wise will stand.
My champion I'll encounter breast to breast,
Though I were sure to fall, and be o'erprest.

If that you private conference intreat me,
I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me :
I know the meaning, durst I yield thereto,
Of what you would confer, what you would you do.
You are too forward, you too far would wade ;
But yet (God knows) your harvest's in the blade.
My tired pen shall here its labour end ;
A guilty sense in thievish lines I send.
Speak next when your occasion best persuades,
By Cymene and Æthra my two maids.

### THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a girdle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

### THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue;
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.
Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
Thy cap, thy girdle, and thy posies;
Some break, some wither, some forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds;
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

### ANOTHER OF THE SAME NATURE.

Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,

Where fragrant air breathes sweetest gales.
There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar, and the spreading vine,
And all the woods to be a skreen,
Lest Phœbus kiss my summer's queen.
The feast of your disport shall be,
Over some river, in a tree;
Where silver sands and pebbles sing
Eternal ditties to the spring,
Where you shall see the nymphs at play,
And how the satyrs spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands;
The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,
Possess woods' echoes with sweet notes;
Which to your senses will impart
A music to inflame the heart.
Upon the bare and leafless oak,
The ring-doves' wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me, and do not less.
In bowers of laurel trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night,
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.
The glow-worms shall on you attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend;
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with most majesty:
Then in my arms will I inclose
Lilies' fair mixture with the rose;
Whose nice perfections in love's play,
Shall tune me to the highest key.
Thus as we pass the welcome night
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.
If these may serve for to entice,
Your presence to love's paradise;
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year.

### STANZAS.

Take, O ! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights which do mislead the morn.
  But my kisses bring again,
  Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, O ! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears,
  But my poor heart first set free,
  Bound in those icy chains by thee.

### THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE.

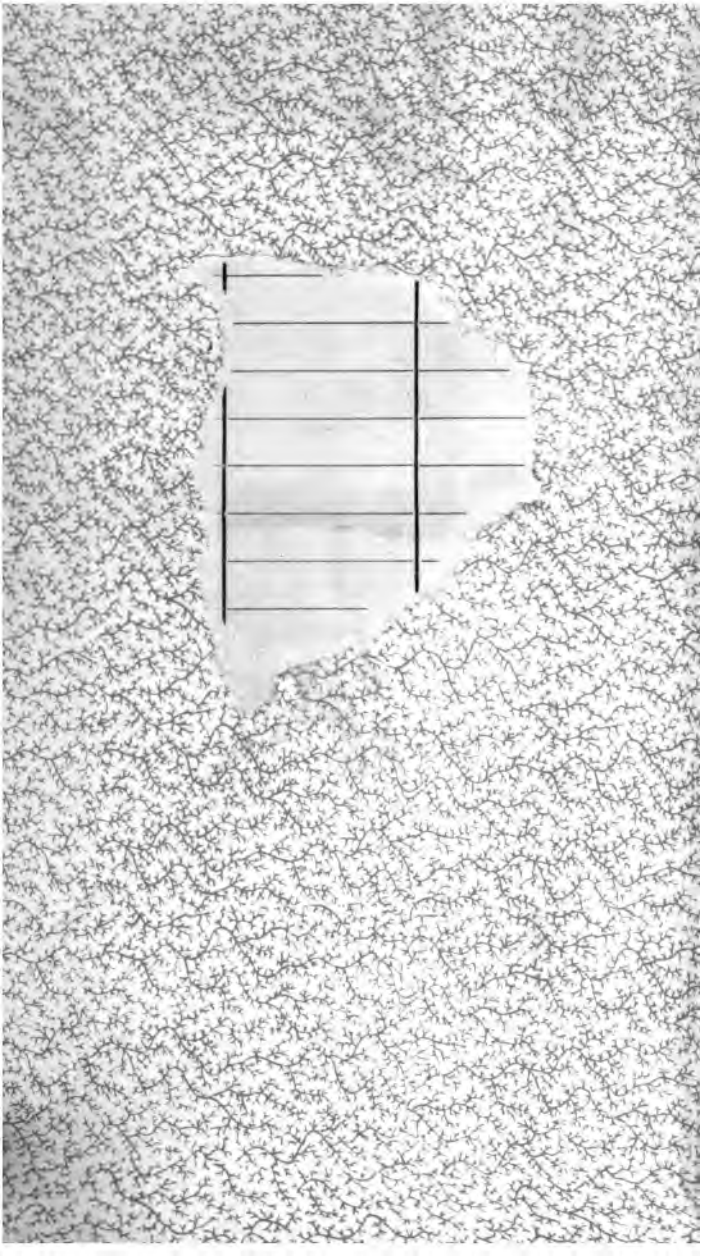
Let the bird of lowest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad, and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey :
But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul procurer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near,
From this cession interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king.
Keep the obsequy so strict ;
Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music ken,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.
And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st,
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.
Here the anthem doth commence :
Love and constancy is dead,
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence ;
So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts but in none,
Number there in love was slain :
Hearts remote, yet not asunder,

Distance and no space was seen,
'Twixt the turtle and his queen,
But in them it were a wonder.
So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the Phœnix' sight,
Either was the other mine.
Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same,
Single natures, double name,
Neither two nor one was called.
Reason itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,
That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one,
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.
Whereupon it made this threne[1]
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENES.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Hence inclos'd,[2] in cynders lie;
Death is now the phœnix' nest,
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest;
Leaving no posterity,
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.
Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she:
Truth and beauty buried be.
To this urn let those repair,
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

[1] *This threne.* This funeral song. MALONE.
[2] Read, *Here inclosed,* &c. MALONE.

END.

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